823
Sa224m
v.1

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
Sa 224m
v.1

By
Rowland St Clair

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

http://www.archive.org/details/marstonnovelinth01stcl

MARSTON:

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By a Lady.

"I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate me."

VOL. I.

LONDON:
THOMAS HOOKHAM, OLD BOND STREET.

1835.

PRINTED BY MAYHEW, ISAAC, & Co., 14 HENRIETTA STREET,
COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

823
Sa224m
v. 1

ADVERTISEMENT.

During a journey in Italy, some years ago, my carriage was overturned at a short distance from Florence. Being seriously hurt, the postilions carried me to a large mansion, situated at a short distance from the road, and solicited the good offices of its inmates in behalf of an English lady.

A young man soon appeared, who accosted me in my own language, and expressing his sorrow for my accident, received me with the kindest hospitality. I was unable to move for some weeks; and, during that time, my host and I became so well acquainted that he confided to me his history.

He was the offspring of the fatal marriage which I have attempted to relate; and the errors, of which he was the innocent victim, had stamped his handsome features with an expression of resigned melancholy, which alike interested and saddened the beholder.

He lived in the most retired manner, avoiding all society. His mind was highly cultivated, his deportment gentle and pleasing; and, in addition to the refinements of education, he appeared to possess the nobler gifts of moral worth.

He acknowledged, that though he had made himself a law to live alone, and never to marry, he could not resist seeing an English person, especially one so situated as myself. His heart yearned towards his countrymen.

The principal events recorded in this history are true: I have only ventured to change the names of

the persons of this sad drama, as well as of the county where the family of the young man had resided.

Since the present work has been in the press, one, if not two novels, bearing titles similar to that of "Marston," have appeared; but, were there no other evidence, the difference of the story would at once prove that there has been no "*conveying*" in the case. Competition then need hardly be disclaimed: it would have been madness, indeed, for a novice to enter the lists with a writer at once so elegant and profound as the author of "Darnley."

It remains to solicit the pardon of the gentle reader for any verbal inaccuracies that may occur in the following pages; since it was found impossible to transmit the proofs to the writer, who is abroad, without occasioning a delay beyond any

printer's or publisher's patience. The severity too of the reviewer, if any condescend to cast a glance on the work, may perhaps be deprecated by the knowledge, that the present is the first appearance of the authoress before the bar of public criticism.

MARSTON.

CHAPTER I.

More would'st thou know, yon tower survey,
Yon couch unpress'd since parting day.
Yon untrimm'd lamp, whose yellow gleam
Is mingling with the cold moon beam.
And yon thin form! the hectic red,
On his pale cheek unequal spread;
The head reclined, the loosened hair,
The limbs relaxed, the mournful air.
See, he looks up—a woeful smile
Lightens his woe-worn cheek awhile.

W. Scott.

It was a beautiful summer's evening, preceding the important day on which Marston

was to be ordained a priest. The sun shed its parting rays, with all its splendour, into the large and well-stored library, where he sat before his desk, his eyes fixed on the volume which he had been perusing; but though the finger was mechanically raised as if about to turn over the page, it moved not; the hand remained as immoveable as the eyes. Intense in thought, his mind had wandered from the book: hours of happiness, succeeded by days of deep and heart-corroding sorrow, rose with the reality of life to his mental view; presenting, in the visions of the past, contrasts which imparted a deeper shade to the griefs that already oppressed him. The vows he was to pronounce on the following morning,—vows which separated him from all his remaining worldly interests; and from which he was to date for the future a new existence,—alternately varied in the hopes they held out, as

his memory pourtrayed to him the sweet and happy hours, or the days of anguish, of his chequered life. Now they seemed to promise repose, and heavenly comfort; now they appeared the commencement of a living death. The nearer he drew towards the execution of a hastily formed, though long-cherished, intention, the more his decision fluctuated. Not that a hope of happier days flattered his imagination even for a moment, or made him once waver in his resolution.—What hope could there be, since death had severed the link that bound him to his kind?—But that a state of morbid grief had weakened those energies, which had prompted him to wrest consolation out of the extremity of his misery, when first bowed down by the cruel blow which had robbed him of his heart's treasure.

It was then, that he had wilfully renounced all future social cares. It was then, that he

resolved to sever himself from all remaining affections. The death of his beloved wife, Eleanor, with whom he had been united but five years, and to whom he had been tenderly attached, had left a wound in his heart too deep to be healed by any worldly consolation; and he turned for comfort to his God. Educated in the most rigid principles of the Catholic faith, he resolved to devote the remainder of perhaps a long life—since he had numbered only thirty-five years—to the adoration of his Creator, with whom, it was his solace to reflect, his Eleanor now dwelt.

During the twelve months which succeeded her death, he had secluded himself from all intercourse with his friends, and nourished in solitude the wish, he had then formed, to take holy orders.

In the library, stored with all the riches bequeathed by thinking minds, for the solace

and instruction of those worthy of appreciating their speculations, whether temporal or spiritual, he passed his solitary days, perusing such works only as were in harmony with his present frame of mind; and, in his silent communications with the wise, the good, the unhappy, the enthusiastic, and the mystic, he confirmed the project originally suggested by his misfortunes. Latterly, however, the preparations for the profession to which he was about to dedicate himself, had occupied his time; and the vigils he had commenced, added to the effects of severe sorrow, had injured his health: thus, physical debility had produced moral relaxation, and diminution of energy.

On the evening which preceded a day of such importance to his future existence, numberless agitating thoughts arose to disturb still more his anxious mind, and lead him into a maze of irresolution, doubt, and retrospection.

We may turn to the thoughts of others for support and coúrage; we may admire and approve of the wisdom transmitted to us by the most learned authors; we may receive with humility and gratitude the precepts founded on their experience; but, alas! it is to our own we must finally trust. The trials of others may indeed warn us of dangers to be avoided; but inasmuch as no two things in nature are precisely alike—no two countenances, no two animals of the same kind, even no two leaves on the same tree—so no two cases occur precisely similar. No two natures are in every respect the same, even under the same circumstances; and it is to these scarcely perceptible, but still essential, variations, we must refer for the little advantage derived from the experience of others, even by those best disposed to be instructed by it.

The rich, refulgent, crimson light of the

setting sun threw a glow over the fine, but habitually pale, countenance of Marston; and his dark penetrating eye turned slowly towards one of the massive, richly-carved oaken doors, at the farther extremity of the library, as his old servant, Joseph, entered gently, and, as if fearing to break the silence which reigned, and disturb his master's meditations, in delivering to him a letter;—he did not venture to speak, but placing it respectfully on the desk, withdrew; and it was not till after some minutes had elapsed, that Marston took it languidly up, and broke the seal. It was as follows:—

"*To Edward Marston, Esq.*

"But a few hours are still yours, unfettered by lasting vows! To-morrow you renounce your family, your friends, all, all, and Marston will be dead to us.

"I cannot conquer the earnest wish which

impels this, perhaps, vain endeavour to rouse you, my poor friend, from the state of dejection into which you are sunk;—to entreat you, while it is yet time, not to resolve on a measure so important to your future welfare, whilst still under the immediate and heavy pressure of deep grief.

"Oh! forbear a little longer! Suffer another year's reflection to pass, before you pronounce those irrevocable vows! If you then still feel as earnestly determined in your intentions; if you then find no other refuge from despair than seclusion and monastic severity, I shall be the less fearful for your future happiness. Satisfied that you did not plunge suddenly, goaded by the desperation of overwhelming sorrow, into a life of austerity, solitude, and privations, I should not murmur, although I might repine, at a determination fixed by reflection, not hazarded through impulse.

"Forgive me, Marston, for the intrusion of this letter: reflect how long we have been friends; nay, more, almost brother and sister from our childhood; for, although there was a few years' difference in our ages, yet that did not prevent the same objects of interest occupying and uniting us in our early lives.

"At a more advanced period of our friendship, your kindness to me merited my warmest gratitude; and the interest you took in my welfare, indelibly impressed on my heart the extent of the obligations I then incurred to you.

"Remember, that when my parents opposed my union with your gallant friend Howard, it was your unwearied zeal, and persuasive arguments, which determined them to consent to my happiness. When heaven visited me with that heavy calamity which almost deprived me of my reason, and my brave, my noble-minded husband, fell a victim to his courage and en-

terprising spirit, it was again you, my kind friend, who roused me from my affliction, teaching me to live for my dear boy's sake; and enabling me, by your sympathy and timely advice, to submit with resignation to the severe decree of Providence.

"Remember all this, dear Marston, and you will allow me to have some right to approach you in this, your hour of trial.

"When, in my despair, I pictured the future as a dreary blank, and recoiled in anguish from the idea of dragging on the remainder of my life, severed for ever from him, my companion, lover, friend, and husband, you held out consolation to me; you, kindly severe, pointed out that grief could not be eternal; that time would soften down the poignancy of my sorrow. You reproved me for my impatience under my sufferings; and shewed me that the same Omnipotent Power, which af-

flicted with calamities, mercifully endowed us with strength to bear them. You directed my attention to the benignant boon still vouchsafed me; and taught me to anticipate the joy of retracing, in my darling boy, the likeness in feature, and in character, of him that was no more: wisely reminding me, that it became a sacred duty to exert my courage and energies for the care and protection of his child.

"Alas! my unhappy friend! all these arguments I could now urge to you: your affliction is of the same dreadful nature as my own bitter trial.

"Let *me* now be the consoling friend. I find you under similar melancholy circumstances; and let me earnestly entreat you to let the arguments, you once held to *me*, have their full weight, and measure, in drawing you out of your state of despondency. Although I shall ever mourn my beloved Howard, and

his memory is most deeply engraven on my heart, length of time has enabled me to submit to my unhappy lot. Let me be an example to you; and do not hasten, but rather retard, your present views.

"As soon as I received your letter, requesting me to replace your dear little Eleanor's departed mother, I hastened from Dublin to receive her from the nurse to whom you had confided her; and it was not till then that I learned, from the latter, your intention of taking holy orders.

"I need not assure you, that I will most willingly take charge of your little orphan; she shall be to me as my own child. When she attains the age of instruction, the same masters shall attend upon her whom I shall select for my Harry; and be persuaded, that the same tenderness and care shall be bestowed on her as on my own dear boy. You do but

render me justice when you say, that, in entrusting her to me, you are satisfied that she will be cared for as though she were the child of my bosom.

"Oh! how deeply I regret the long absence from home a tedious, tiresome lawsuit has compelled me to make. Had I been near you when death visited your peaceful dwelling, I should in some degree, perhaps, have succeeded in soothing the anguish of your mind. At all events, you should not have been suffered to cherish the intention now upon the eve of execution.

"Still it is not too late to retract! Dear Marston, accord one year of reflection to your sincere and devoted friend,

"LOUISA HOWARD."

Marston remained a considerable time, with

the letter in his hand, and many, many thoughts and struggles agitated his frame.

Why is it that there exists in the human breast a contradictory spirit, which rises in opposition to the advice of friends, even when that advice is in harmony with our wishes and interests? Previously to receiving Mrs. Howard's letter, Marston had nearly brought himself to decide on protracting the execution of that measure which he had most ardently desired for many months: his friend's letter came, urging him to the same point; and the respect, friendship, and kindness he felt for her, were all motives for his weighing her distinterested advice with even partiality. The contrary, unhappily for him, occurred, and he reasoned with her arguments mentally, until he made himself the champion of those, which now thronged to set off the opposite side of the

question. Perhaps the wayward spirit, seemingly innate in man, influenced him. In his pride, he cannot bear resistance to his will, or the appearance of being guided by any other judgment than his own. Whatever might have been the result of his mental struggles, Marston, at length, with a deep-drawn sigh, laid the letter down upon his desk, and, at the same moment, a priest (his confessor) entered. He came to confirm his courage, and prepare him for the sacrifice of the following morning. He remained a long time with him; and his visit, at that crisis, decided Marston's fate.

How often is the destiny of a whole life fixed by the accident of a moment! Call it otherwise than accident;—suppose it to be the predestined act of Providence. This is but to render that same Providence responsible for the events these accidents produce; and human wisdom and virtue would then, indeed,

struggle in vain against such an influence. But man, although subject to the strong impression of these accidents, has yet within his breast the power to resist, if he has the energy to call that power into action, instead of weakly allowing the circumstances of the moment to prostrate his will and better judgment.

"Combien l'homme est infortuné !
La sort maîtrise sa foiblesse,
Et de l'enfance à la vieilesse,
D'écueils il marche environné ;
Le temps l'entraine avec vitesse,
Il est mécontent du passé ;
Le présent l'afflige et le presse ;
Dans l'avenir toujours placé,
Son bonheur recule sans cesse,
Il meurt en rêvant le repos.

Parny Mélanges.

That elegant writer, Monsieur de Segur, in his work, entitled "Mémoires et Souvenirs,"

considers accident as the leading principle of all our actions and lives. He says,—

"Le hazard a presque toujours plus d'influence sur notre sort, que nos calculs et nos penchans. Je me rappelle, que l'un des hommes, les plus connus, pour avoir cherché toute sa vie, à fixer la fortune, par des profondes et savantes combinaisons, le Marechal de Castries, a l'époque où comme aide-de-camp, je le suivais en Bretagne, me dit que pendant tout le cours de sa brillante carrière, les caprices du sort avaient souvent dejoué les plus justes calculs. Qu'il avoit dû la plupart de ses succès, et l'accomplissement des vœux de son ambition, à des chances imprevues, à des évènements qui lui auraient été impossible de deviner, et quelquefois même, ajoutait-il en riant à des fautes. L'Expérience m'a prouvé la verité de cette observation, qui m'a été confirmée par une foule de faits.

" Si l'on réfléchissait bien, cette vérité devrait rendre les hommes plus indulgens, les uns pour les autres, plus modeste dans les succès, et plus patiens dans les revers, car dans le labyrinthe du monde, le chemin qu'on suit, la pente qui nous entraine, l'issue qu'on trouve, et le but où l'on arrive, dépendent d'une infinité de petites causes, où notre prevoyance, et notre volonté ne sont pour rien."

This is good writing, but false philosophy. It is reducing the sentient principle to the dust, and making man even lighter than vanity.

CHAPTER II.

"I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours." SHAKSPEARE.

It was rather more than four years after the events recorded in the preceding chapter, that Mrs. Howard returned from Ireland, to fix her residence at Netherwood-park. The law-suit, which had occasioned her journey to Dublin, and which had been by the law de-

layed for the tedious term of six years, had been finally decided in her favor.

Netherwood, the beautiful estate belonging to the Howard family, adjoining to Marston Abbey, had been adjudged her son's inheritance, after her demise, instead of passing into the hands of a distant relative of Mr. Howard's, who had unjustly claimed it, and who had prosecuted his claim with all the chicane and vexatious procrastination the uncertainties of law allowed him. The omission of some formalities, with regard to the will, and the employment of some ambiguous wording, liable to misconstruction, had been the occasion of these years of harass and solicitude.

Since Marston's ordination, which had taken place four years previously to Mrs. Howard's return to England, he had ceased to correspond with her; and she was anxious, on her arrival in his neighbourhood, to show him her little

charge, and how scrupulously she had fulfilled her engagement to him respecting her. She, therefore, a few days after her return, summoned the little girl, with Harry, to accompany her in a walk to Marston Abbey, which was separated from Netherwood Park by the celebrated moor bearing the name of the abbey; and on which the famous battle of Marston Moor was fought, during the civil wars, in the year 1644, between the parliamentary forces under Oliver Cromwell, and the Royalists commanded by Prince Rupert; and which contributed so essentially to the ruin of the Royalist cause.

A short cut across the moor, of less than half a mile, brought the little party to the entrance of the grounds enclosing Marston Abbey, which contrasted singularly with the appearance of the adjoining heath (*a*). The former bare, flat, and extensive, with but little

vegetation on it, and that of a low creeping nature; the latter adorned with high, majestic oak trees, the growth of centuries, overshadowing the earth with the dark foliage of their many beauties, and, by the solemn grandeur of their appearance, disposing the mind to pensive contemplation.

The children, nevertheless, ran on before their conductress, with the careless gaiety of their age, stopping occasionally to gather wild flowers; and ever and anon, through the deep shade of the avenue they were following, a shout of mirth and laughter from their little voices would break the sternness of the silence, and dispel the monastic gloom of the scenery around. Suddenly, however, their joyous voices were hushed, and they came running back in haste to Mrs. Howard, little Eleanor's cheeks being suffused with a deeper red than her habitual rosy colour, as she said to her

protectress, in a tremulous whisper,—"There is a tall man, dressed all in black, lying down under a tree."

With what varied and contradictory feelings the human heart is stored! How impossible is it to count on the durability of any impression! So many causes, entirely independent of our will, are continually acting, that our deepest sentiments are but as marks traced on the sea-shore, to be effaced by the returning tide.

In Marston's character, these unhappy contradictions, and subservience to impressions, events, and circumstances, were particularly striking. Independently, also, of this disposition, his mind was of too brilliant, too energetic a cast to endure continued monotony, and to such he had condemned himself: his feelings were of too ardent a nature to continue passive; in all he thought or felt, were exhi-

bited the fire and restlessness of an impatient imagination. So long as his soul was struggling against grief, he felt as if sacrificing the world, and forcing himself from all its ties, would be the birth of a new existence. The novelty, and, much more, the seriousness of purpose demanded by a lofty and soul-ennobling profession would, he conceived, lessen his sum of anguish; and he looked with confidence to the hope that, by constant devotion and prayer, he should be blessed with that consolation for which his heart panted as "the hart after the water brooks." Characterised by the excitable and ardent temperament we have described, it followed, as a necessary consequence, that he should be patient till the accomplishment of the scheme he meditated. When that incentive was passed, and when he had pronounced his vows, the severity of his life, as he had anticipated, became a salutary stimulus for a

time; but that severity ceased to be felt when once it was habitual, and soon lost its effect. Seclusion, and a solitary life, for a while suited his wretched state of mind, and soothed him by the unlimited indulgence it afforded him for deep meditation and reveries. He was thus "all in all sufficient" to himself; but when he had studied, and (metaphorically speaking) perused the whole book,—when he had fathomed his inmost thoughts and feelings to their depths,—then to communicate to others, to acquire fresh ideas, to compare, to scrutinize other thoughts than his own, began insensibly to be desired by him. Recollections recurring with greater frequency, and tinged with the bright hues of fancy, brought before him the enjoyments of the natural affections: his life now struck him as void and sterile; his mind involuntarily wandered from "books, his sole companions now," and he would hurry forth to

stray in the magnificent woods, surrounding the abbey, for hours together; mourning the past, dissatisfied with the present, and yet incapable of forming any fixed wish or definite plan for the future.

It was in one of these gloomy, restless tempers of mind, that he had been roaming over wood and glade, since the dawn of day, and he was reclining under a spreading oak, when Mrs. Howard approached him, accompanied by the two children. He was so absorbed in reverie, that it was not till she was close to him, and the sound of voices had startled him, that he raised his eyes. "Marston," she said, as she held out her hand to him (forgetting, at the moment, his actual profession), "I bring you your little Eleanor, who is dear to me beyond expression; so much so, that were you to claim her from me, I fear I could not, without extreme pain, part with her."

The silvery tones of her voice, the lovely expression of her countenance, and the pressure of his daughter to his heart (for he took not the proffered hand), produced an entire revolution in Marston's nature, as violent as it was sudden. The suppressed emotions of his heart now burst forth with the greater force for their long concentration.

He could not speak, and for some minutes remained gazing upon her,—upon his child,—while his emotions increased in intensity till they utterly overpowered him. The strong, stern man wept like a child. Unhappy Marston!—Too finely, highly-wrought!—too ardent!—too eager!—Years will subdue that fire which destroys you!—years will temper that ardour!—May you not experience in exchange regret, repentance, and sorrow!

CHAPTER III.

" In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

WALTER SCOTT.

THE succeeding day brought Marston to Netherwood, whither he had not been for six years; and the difference of scenery from that with which he had been surrounded during this period, for he had hardly ever quitted the abbey and its boundaries, cheered him, and

raised his spirits from their habitual despondency.

Netherwood was of modern construction, and built after the model of Italian villas; and there was an aspect of serenity and cheerfulness in Netherwood-house and park, in harmony with the disposition of the fair owner of the estate. Both were calculated to inspire pleasure on arriving; and no one could have felt this more sensibly than did Marston. By degrees the melancholy thoughts that oppressed him diminished in intensity; he became calmer and more cheerful; would converse on the topics of the day, and interest himself in the passing events which occupied his fair hostess or his child. His little daughter would occasionally extract a smile from him, and his friend observed with pleasure the improvement in his health and spirits.

Netherwood was too far removed from any

neighbourhood, except the small town of Wetherby, for Mrs. Howard to see much company, and, except Marston, few persons came there unless it were to pay an occasional and formal morning visit; but this circumstance suited Mrs. Howard's tastes and habits. She had been habituated by her parents, who lived in the greatest retirement near Dublin, to lead a life of much seclusion; and her family, her books, and her garden were her preferred society.

The cheerful welcome which Marston received at Netherwood became, at length, necessary to his happiness; his daily sojourn there seemed the all of vitality attached to his existence. Until he had witnessed the smile which said, "I am glad to see you;" until the bounding little Eleanor had jumped into his arms,—he felt as if the day had not begun for him; and his presence in Mrs. Howard's drawing-room was looked for as a matter of course.

By degrees, Marston could take no interest in any lecture, or occupation, unless shared with his amiable neighbour. Even his walks must also have the solace of her society; and never had he taken walks, or read books, or interested himself in any occupation, which had appeared to him so delightful as those he now pursued.

Mrs. Howard was far from regretting the assiduous society of Marston. His conversation was agreeable, his manners were gentle; and, in the extreme retirement in which she lived, it was happiness to her to have a friend to whom she could communicate her thoughts, and who added interest to whatever interested her by a similarity of sentiment.

But such halcyon days were not to last; the natural progression of feeling increased the interest, at least on one side, till it began to take a less happy character.

With Mrs. Howard no change occurred: although not a Catholic, she was too well aware of the severity of the vows of the priesthood of that religion, for the idea once even to occur to her of considering Marston in any other light than that of a friend. She knew him to be unhappy: she knew the cause of that sorrow; and, if any increase of interest was felt by her beyond that she had always borne him, it was in viewing the effects of her care and attention to him, and rejoicing in the amendment which she discovered in his spirits.

With Marston the case was, alas! different. His heart was formed for ardent love: his attachment to his wife had been of the warmest nature; she had filled every recess of his bosom; she had, as it were, multiplied his existence. The years he had been united to her had flown with such rapidity, that, when taken from him, he had been paralysed by the vio-

lence of the shock. He felt as though he had been suddenly hurled from a secure height into a fathomless abyss, and Time, erst so fleet in its march, appeared a frightful eternity. He would willingly have sprung forward to the end and term of a life, now a space of extreme suffering;—would willingly have "jumped the life to come;" and all consolation was as much inferior to his sorrow as hope appeared beyond his reach. Unconsciousness alone would have been consolation; but though the human frame can feel almost to dissolution, the Creator has mercifully ordained that the extreme of suffering shall be the beginning of cure.

The acuteness of his agony in time subsided; but all worldly interests and affections were still too great a distance from him for him to turn to them: one only source of comfort lay before him—the greatest, the best, the truest.

That same power which had afflicted him so severely, was present to heal his wound; and had he, at this period, sought this source of consolation in the true meek spirit of prayer, the balm would have been poured with lasting comfort; but, unhappily, Marston was a Catholic, and his religion, which bears a character of enthusiasm, is yet clogged with superstition, and deprived of its greatest beauties by a mixture of fanaticism—the work of priests,—and more of priesthood and of earthly laws is connected with it than of Godhood. So, when he turned to his Maker, he turned to those sacrifices ordained by priests, and by them inculcated, as pleasing to God, which alternately rendered him a manacled and shackled sufferer. Not at the moment, indeed, when he took his vows; then any sacrifice was balm to his heart; it was like the excision of a noisome canker, and he looked not beyond

the present for cure, the future seemed assured to him by the measure.

When time had cicatrised, not healed, his wounds, and his profession had lulled them to repose, he for a while experienced a calm, which, by degrees, brought his mind into a healthier state, and in proportion to this change did his energies return. By slow degrees, however, a need of some interest became insensibly to be desired: again he recurred to the past; and the more he felt that interest, which now began to exert its influence on him, towards his friend and his child, the nearer he drew to his former state of feelings. Still it did not occur to him that he loved; the knowledge of his position did not permit such a thought to enter, much less dwell in his mind; he loved, without being conscious of that sentiment.

Life began again to appear beautiful to him;

nature again was lovely in his eyes; in his orisons his fervour was greater, his devotion more sublime; fewer thoughts of his Eleanor, perhaps, mingled unconsciously in his prayers, but his adoration of his Creator was even the purer. Time again flew rapidly with him,—space also seemed to contract, and the distance which separated his dwelling from those so dear to him was swiftly traversed of a morning. How bright, how beautiful the sun shone on Netherwood, as he contemplated it from the moor which lay beneath it; and with what a sense of bliss did he approach the gates.

In the evening, when he returned home, after passing a day of mild and perfect happiness, the moonlight scenery in the dark woods of Marston Abbey claimed admiration equally with the brighter tints of day. Slowly he paced the splendid avenues conducting to the abbey, observing the silvery light which

played through the openings of the trees, while his thoughts recurred to the last subject of conversation, and ideas multiplied with rapidity to renew it on the following morning: and if the night was moonless, equal objects of contemplation presented themselves to receive the reflection of the calm happiness he enjoyed, whilst at times the countless stars, spangling the heavens, displayed the richness and the infinity of the works of the great Creator.

As he pursued his return to his lonely dwelling, he moved slowly, for each step took him further from those who concentrated all his happiness in their little circle.

Thus many months passed away: happy had it been for him if years had so continued; he would then have been spared a long life of acute misery;—but the calm state he enjoyed began to change into a degree of anxiety; the

mornings seemed to lag and lengthen, until the hour that he could present himself at Netherwood; the moments of parting became mingled with melancholy. He knew not what thus affected him, but inquietude oppressed him when obliged, from any circumstance, to be absent for a day; and all things appeared insipid to him when once out of the precincts of Netherwood. An incident, however, at this time occurred, which cruelly revealed to him the real state of his feelings, and began that web of sorrow from which he was never to extricate himself.

There came one morning to the gates of Netherwood a poor girl to beg an alms. She was sick and wretched; clothed in rags, and with all the appearance which miserable poverty gives—a livid complexion, sunken eyes, pale lips, and emaciated form; but she appeared young, and her sufferings evidently

must have been extreme to have reduced the strength of youth to such premature debility. Mrs. Howard happened to be returning from a walk on the moor with her children (for so she called them equally), when the poor girl turned from the road, and followed her to the gate of the park, which she was about to enter. The downcast, embarrassed look of the suppliant, who could not raise her eyes to the person offering relief, was remarkable, and Mrs. Howard asked her a few questions concerning the cause of her present misery.

Her answers were such as to dispose to more enquiries; but it was with difficulty her sad story could be extracted from her lips. Shame, remorse, humiliation, and fear, broke her sentences, and stopped her at intervals in her narration; a sense of former feelings, and of a very different position, recurred to her, as she answered the queries of her mild and kind

benefactress; then desperation would hurry her on in her disclosures, and again grief seemed to choke her utterance, and she paused to regain power to continue. Mrs. Howard felt deeply for her; she encouraged her; she endeavoured to raise her from her state of humiliation; but the consciousness the poor girl felt of her abasement, when addressing virtue and purity, rendered all efforts of that nature unavailing.

"Oh! no; if you knew what an abject, degraded creature stands before you, you would not listen to me with such goodness; I should rather inspire you with horror and disgust. I cannot look at you,—I am unworthy to be in your presence,—I belong to the lowest, the most abject class of beings,—I am a lost creature in this world, and no future one is before me, save one of punishment everlasting."

"Say not so, poor girl," replied Mrs. How-

ard; "arraign not thus divine mercy; where there is repentance for sin, there is pardon promised; even now your self-accusation begins your propitiation. Do not despair; you may still be restored to a life of virtue,—you may still become worthy of the mercy of God."

"Never, never; how shall the great God of the universe look on me, when I cannot look on myself? Oh! if death would be the termination; if nothing beyond threatened me, I would resign this wretched life,—I would seek eternal sleep!"

"Your language is not in harmony with your appearance," said the kind Mrs. Howard; "surely you were not born in the station of life these rags would indicate."

"No, I was not; and that fact alone would condemn me, if no other did. I cannot plead want of care or instruction; I was most tenderly brought up, most scrupulously edu-

cated,—and it needed all the eloquence, all the fascination, all the art of seduction, to lower me to the state in which I am.

"My father was an officer of high rank in the army, my mother the daughter of a noble Irish house. My father married her during his residence in Ireland, while the troops under his command were quartered in the county of Clare. My mother was a Catholic. She educated me in the religion of her fathers; and never did tender care, or real devout anxiety, attend a daughter more truly than in my case: my poor mother bestowed on me all her affection.

"Disfigured as you now see me, once I was very pretty; I heard it from all who came to see my mother; I heard it from the officers who came to visit my father; I heard it especially, and with pleasure, from one of them, the nearest in rank to him. He saw his ad-

miration flattered me, and he took every opportunity of expressing it."——

It is an often-told tale, and almost always the same, which relates the seduction of innocence. Credulity and frankness are the attendants on that same innocence,—religion, education, and example, its guardians: but these forces are not sufficient to combat art, persuasion, strong-will, and intention,—passion, flattery, opportunity, and eloquence,—combined with grace, gentleness, and beauty.

The unhappy Eugenia became the victim of deliberate seduction at the early age of sixteen, and she fled her parents' house, to which she felt she might not, could not, return. Satiety, the offspring of possession when not combined with love, soon cooled the ardour of her seducer, who had quitted Ireland, withdrawing from the regiment he could no longer serve in; and with the cruelty of which a man was

capable, who had already so basely ruined the young and innocent girl, he sought to pass her into the hands of a friend of his who admired her.

It required some address, as well as patience and deceit to succeed in this project. Eugenia loved Col. M— ; and not all his late indifference and neglect, mockery of virtue and sophistry— however she gave way to grief, and however deeply she repented her conduct towards her parents,—could diminish the affection she bore him. He was obliged, in order to effect his purpose, to quit her; and making affairs of importance, which called him to the north, his pretext, he left her, never to return. She traced and followed him as far as York, but there lost all clue to proceed, being at the same time pursued by her new admirer. Friendless, alone, without resources of any kind, her necessities became advocates in his favour, and

she unwillingly yielded to his importunities. The progress of vice is slow, but, once its insinuations are listened to, it is certain. From one step to another, the unfortunate girl gradually sunk, in the scale of virtue, into the lowest abyss of misery. She, once the pride of her parents' house, admired and esteemed, the friend and associate of persons in the highest circles, at length became the midnight and unsheltered wanderer.

A long train of horrors followed; and she passed through those various scenes of degradation, each assuming a darker hue, till she found herself the debased inmate of an hospital. Her illness was long and severe; though attended by the people employed in the hospital, such hireling attendance hardly deserves the name. The medicines, it is true, are administered; but a friendless creature may lie in her bed many sad and tedious months, un-

heeded by any compassionating eye, uncared for! Her nights of fever and suffering were sadly long and painful; distracting remembrances of the past haunted her perpetually. She considered herself with horror: that horror became unbearable. She sought to die, by refusing all sustenance or medical aid. Here the guardians of the hospital interfered, and menaced and insisted. Her trial was long and severe, but her youth saved her; and she had just quitted the hospital, and was wandering forth, she knew not whither, to seek some casual assistance, when she met Mrs. Howard, with her son and Eleanor, entering the park-gate. Her tale had been told to one who was too good, and too meek a Christian for it to meet with any other feelings than those of compassion and interest. Mrs. Howard wept, as she listened to her.

"And had you no spiritual comforter in the

hospital to pour hope into your afflicted bosom, —poor child! When in your despair you sought to die, did you not reflect whither you were going, on quitting your earthly tenement?"

"Alas! I knew but too well whither I should go; but for that dread, I should have succeeded in putting an end to my worldly suffering."

"But God is merciful, and sinful as you had been, the thought that there is joy in heaven over one that repenteth, might have whispered peace to your troubled spirit. Surely there was a clergyman attending such a public establishment."

"Yes, madam, there was, but I am a Catholic; his ministry would have been of no avail to me."

Mrs. Howard instantly thought of Marston, and was determined to obtain from him his friendly assistance in reclaiming the lost crea-

ture, and achieving a work already, she hoped, begun. She drew Eugenia towards the house, and bidding her wait in the green-house, went in quest of Marston, whom she expected to find in the drawing-room, it being the usual hour of his visit. Her hopes were not disappointed. She found him walking up and down the room, in impatience till her glad presence should animate that soul which felt existence only when she was near. She related the tale with all the eloquence feeling, pity, and charity inspire; and had she said less, he would still have been interested in her story, and for the heroine of it. Was she not interested? could he feel otherwise than she did?

They consulted on the preliminary measure of finding her a home; since Marston judiciously remarked, that she could not allow her to enter her house, or be seen by the domestics, who would reason very differently on the sub-

ject from what she did. Accordingly, they arranged to place her with a poor old woman, whom Mrs. Howard protected, and to whom she had been very kind; without letting her know the history of the poor girl; but merely stating, that she was a person in whom she took interest, and whose health she entrusted to the especial care of the old woman.

Marston undertook, as soon as she should be installed there, to attend her, and dispose her mind to the consolations of religion. For the future neither he nor Mrs. Howard occupied themselves; much was essential to be done, ere it would be necessary to consider how, or where, she was to exist after she should be reclaimed.

These arrangements being made, Mrs. Howard then repaired to the village adjoining the park, where the cottage of her poor pensioner was situated, with whom she settled every

thing according to her wishes; and she apprized the old woman that her neighbour, Mr. Marston, interested himself equally about the young woman she proposed placing with her, and would visit her constantly. She then purchased in the village such homely apparel as she considered suitable, which she caused to be brought by a little boy from the village along with her; and Eugenia attired herself in the greenhouse. Before the evening fell, the poor girl was comfortably installed in her new dwelling, her heart overflowing with gratitude to her benefactors, and enjoying the long unknown sensations of security and home.

Mrs. Howard's satisfaction, at the commencement of this good work, although an exquisite gratification, was to her no novel one; for miles round Netherwood she had dispensed her charities, and given consolation to the unhappy and the needy; and she was as much beloved

as any one can be who renders services to their neighbours. A great sovereign once truly said,—"Pour une faveur que j'accorde, je suis sur de faire—99 mécontents et un ingrat."

Marston went the following morning to Eugenia, and his mild remonstrances brought her by degrees to consent to his being her spiritual adviser: she was meek, and obedient, but whenever he held out hope to her she refused it.

"Treat me severely, father; order me heavy penance—none you can inflict can meet the weight and measure of my sin; but talk not to me of hope or pardon,—it is impossible."

No arguments could persuade her to take any other nourishment than bread, or drink any thing but water: "It is all too good for me, I am too unworthy," was her fixed reply.

Her mind became more and more oppressed, as she recovered her bodily strength; a fuller

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY

sense of her degradation seemed to weigh her down; and Marston grieved to see, that the consolation he endeavoured to hold out to her had not the effect intended. She acknowledged the mercy of God; she was deeply penetrated with religious sentiments, but could not adopt the hope that mercy could be extended to her: and she would say to him, with a melancholy smile,—

"I feel all the kindness of your reasoning, father, but the intention is all I can acknowledge."

Marston felt deeply anxious for the fate of this poor victim of villainy, and, for some time, the chief subject of discourse between him and Mrs. Howard was Eugenia, and the daily progress, or failure, of his efforts towards raising her to hope. At length, completely discouraged, he called his friend's exertions to his aid.

"Speak to her the language of one of her

own sex; she looks on me as a confessor, perhaps with you she will be led on more easily; she could not resist you—could any one?"

Mrs. Howard might have seen him colour and hesitate at this phrase, which escaped his lips ere reflection had retained it; yet his confusion was unnoticed by her who caused it; she was too much occupied with the subject for a thought of herself to mingle with it.

"Indeed you have too high an opinion of my powers; my arguments will be weak after your's, Marston: I will exert myself as you wish, even though my efforts should only tend to throw the brilliancy, truth, and point of your arguments into broader light, from the shadow of my weaker reasoning. Besides," she added, smiling, "you know, *I* am a heretic, for whom there is no salvation."

This was said as they entered the cottage of the old woman with whom Eugenia resided.

What might be the thoughts or feelings of Marston did not appear, as they were immediately accosted by the cottager, with a look of much alarm on her countenance.

"Oh! my lady, Lord save us, what will you say; you will be mortal angry with me!—and yet it is none of my fault: I took as much care of Miss Eugeny as thof she had been my own child; and never so much as said one cross word to her, although she would sit moping and crying enough to harry up one's soul. I'm sure she was melancholic company, sure enough."

"But, my good woman," said Marston, impatiently, "what is the matter?"

"There now, I was sure as how it would be, and I not at all to blame all the whiles, I'm sure."—And she began whimpering.

"What are you sure about, Mother Ewlet?" said Mrs. Howard; "where is Eugenia?"

"Why Lord, my lady, and wouldn't I be telling you, if I knew where she was, poor young lady. I'm sure I never thoft as trouble would come upon me this wise, and all for telling her about the poor sick woman as I 'tended, when your ladyship sent me to carry soup and one thing or another to her, there in Wetherby, just to amuse her."

"Mother Ewlet, no more trifling," said Marston, sternly; "tell at once what you know of the young woman, and where she is gone."

The old woman looked now so terrified, that Mrs. Howard feared it would be impossible to make her explain any thing, unless she removed the panic their presence had caused her, and she sat down patiently to await the moment she anxiously desired, and motioned to Marston to do the same.

"I forget what you allude to, Mother Ewlet; what sick woman did I send you to attend?"

"Lauk now! and is it possible! what you forgets the poor sick woman as lodges at Wetherby, just out of the town there, in a open garret, and was starving, without bed-clothes to cover her, or creatur to look arter her;—says you, 'Mother Ewlet,' says you, 'take these things to her, and tell her I will send more soon,'—but the poor woman hasn't need of half as much, for its my fancy as she's dying. The last time as I went to her, she made me stay and hear all her melancholic story. Says she, 'Mother Ewlet, when I'm dead, be sure you tell it all to the good lady as sent you;' and I promised I would, but she arn't dead yet. Howsomdever, Miss Eugeny was crying, and taking on so last night, thinks I, I'll tell her all that story, and that will do her good.

Well, so I told her, and then she began moaning, and tearing her hair, like one distraught; and I went out to settle the cow for the night, and when I comed back, I didn't see Miss Eugeny, so thinks I she's gone to bed, poor thing, mayhap she'll be better to-morrow morning; so I never troubled myself more, for I was weary, as we poor folks are when night comes, too happy to get to bed and sleep, after toiling all the live long day. Oh! my lady, you rich folks don't know what poor folks suffer: I used to tell my good man in younger days, when he used to look so smart and natty like, for he was footman to your ladyship's godfather, please your worship (dropping a courtesy to Marston), I used to say to him, says I——"

"My good woman, you have quite forgotten that you have not finished what you were telling me about Eugenia."

"Ah! dear, so and it's true. Well, I didn't see her this morning, as usual, praying and crossing herself, near the window, as I always did as soon as it was light, as I passed by the window to go and milk the cow, and something wrong struck me. Lauk bless me, says I, is Miss Eugeny ill, as she arn't praying! So I tapt at the window, and she said never a word; then I looked in, and sure enough she warn't there, and her bed was untouched, so you know, my lady, she can't have been to bed, but where she is I can't think, and I was afeard to go and tell you; I thoft as you would be angry, and yet sure it's not my fault."

She went on muttering and chattering, but her auditors no longer listened to her, but looked at each other with much concern.

"And is there no means of tracing her," at last said Mrs. Howard; "have you no idea where she is gone?"

"Dear no, my lady; she arnt taken none of her new clothes, as you gived her, with her, but just a bundle of rags, as she brought with her the first day tied up, and she has even left those she wore in her room."

"Can she be an accomplished hypocrite, and a vagrant," said Marston; "and yet what could she get more by begging than food, raiment, and house-room."

"Oh! Marston, can you form so severe a judgment? Her history, her language, her repentance, her agony, were all too true to admit of such a suspicion."

"It is so; and yet how inexplicable is her conduct: there is something in it incomprehensible; but let us lose no time in making enquiry; perhaps we shall discover where she is gone, and, at the same time, that she is not unworthy of our protection."

The direct road to York from Netherwood

was through Wetherby, and it was most probable she had journeyed thither, in order to gain the high road to London, or she must have crossed a wide extent of fields and private property, and have been more conversant with the topography of the county than was presumable. Marston offered to ride to Wetherby, and, perceiving how anxious Mrs. Howard was to discover the fugitive, quitted her to proceed forthwith. The day passed without further information, nor did Marston return to Netherwood. The following morning Mrs. Howard received a note from him, requesting her to come immediately to Wetherby.

"Your presence will shed balm and consolation on the miserable," he wrote; "I have found the poor penitent, and cannot at this crisis quit her."

It needed not entreating to obey this mandate. In two hours she arrived at the spot

indicated by Marston, and found him waiting for her at the door of a wretched hovel.

"Let not the scene which you are about to witness affect you too deeply; I would have spared you it, but was so earnestly entreated to request you would come, that I could not refuse."

"I will follow you, Marston," replied Mrs. Howard, "and will endeavour to still whatever emotions I may feel:"—So saying, she climbed up a sort of ladder, with his assistance, and entered a loft, exposed on two sides to the inclemencies of the weather.

In the farthest corner of this miserable abode, where a kind of roof formed a covering against rain and snow, was lying, stretched on straw, an old woman, and on her knees, by her side, holding her emaciated hands within her own, was Eugenia,—tears streaming down

her cheeks, and convulsive sobs heaving her bosom, her eyes strained in watching the departing spirit of one once so dear to her. Her absorbing agony prevented her heeding the entrance of Mrs. Howard and Marston; and she drew nearer to the head of the dying woman, to catch the inarticulate sounds which fell with difficulty from her lips. The two friends hesitated to approach: a feeling of awe withheld them from disturbing the solemnity of that moment. They remained silent; and were deeply affected by the picture of wretchedness before them. Eugenia rose from her knees, after some time, to raise the head of the suffering invalid on the straw couch, and then saw her benefactress; but the look she gave her hardly evinced consciousness, and she was about to resume her position, when Mrs. Howard and Marston drew gently near. A

faint gleam of animation lighted up the face of the dying woman, and she summoned her remaining strength to address Mrs. Howard.

"You have shewn mercy to my sinful daughter," she said; "you have brought her from the gates of eternal punishment into the road of salvation; and, by your blessed charity, she is here to receive the pardon of her unhappy, dying mother. Blessings on your head,—blessings on all those who are dear to you; may your children be a benediction to you,—may all earthly and heavenly happiness attend you here and hereafter."

These exertions were too great for her enfeebled frame, and she was constrained to pause for a time. Her daughter brought her something to drink, to cool her parched lips, and she thus resumed:—

"Leave not your good work unfinished; when I am dead, I implore you to receive

again under your protection my unfortunate child, and, if it is possible, try to diminish the agonies of her remorse. May blessings be showered on the head of that holy man, who has aided you in your charitable endeavours to reclaim a sinful creature. (This she said, addressing Marston.)—Ah! reverend father, blessed is your calling; you are preserved from all those dangers which surround the children of this world, exposed as they are to the temptations of the flesh. Had I listened to the persuasions of my family, at the birth of my poor Eugenia, she would now be a blessed saint, instead of what I shudder to name. They prayed me to devote her to a cloister; but I was vain of my beautiful child—I wished all the world to see her, and admire her; and now I have to accuse myself as being the author of all her faults and woes. I preferred bestowing her on a worldly husband to making her

the spouse of Christ, and I panted for the hour when I should witness the bridal of the pride of my heart. Little did I know the treacherous snares which were being laid for her; little was I aware that my tender care, and watchful guardianship, were insufficient to protect her against determined villainy. My poor child allowed herself to be ensnared, giving, in return for cold-hearted sophistry, real love and confidence——"

"Oh! when she quitted her mother, little did she dream of the misery, the wretchedness she inflicted."

"Sob not thus, poor child, I have forgotten that now: all the past is but as a shadow; but thy departure was the signal for accumulated sorrows to surround me. Thy father, incensed, enraged, sought thy destroyer; whether thou wert still living with him at that time I know not; for they fought, and thy father fell,—and

it was some months before I learned that he had found Col. M——, and had died by his hands. Poverty then assailed me: our only resource had been my husband's military appointments. By degrees, I became involved to a great extent;—prisons, sufferings of every sort, awaited me. I quitted Ireland, when relieved in a degree by a relative in England, and came over to join her. At York I fell ill, and here I have lingered many months, until my distress became known to this angel of mercy, who assisted me. Watch carefully over her, holy father; let not impure thoughts approach her dwelling: shelter her from the seduction and wily arts of selfish, designing men: be her protector and guardian against all danger. You can never know the anguish of a broken heart. Oh! you are spared all the sorrows which arise from mistaken and ill-requited affection. Your thoughts and heart

are centered in God; you know not what direful miseries may arise from the passion of love. Have mercy towards my unhappy daughter; pity and pray for her,—pray for me,—pray for the wretched!"

Mrs. Howard promised her, with that fervour and feeling which at once enforce conviction, that her desires should be fulfilled; and, while she was yet speaking, the poor woman clasped her arms around Eugenia, and sunk lifeless on the bed. Marston, who had been agitated and shocked by a variety of conflicting emotions, recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to engage Mrs. Howard to withdraw from this scene of desolation, promising not to quit Eugenia, and to do all that was necessary, under the existing circumstances.

"You must leave the poor girl here awhile," he said; "I must pray with her by the side of

her departed mother; I must remain here till all is terminated, and then I will bring Eugenia back to her asylum."

Mrs. Howard withdrew, in obedience to his request, and returned to Netherwood, but she never saw Eugenia more.

Marston, as the poor woman was a Catholic, kindly undertook to conduct the funeral himself, and to bury her in a spot allotted in the burying-ground for persons of that persuasion. The distracted Eugenia followed the procession, strewing flowers on the coffin, according to the custom of Catholics. When, however, the last part of the awful ceremony was drawing nigh, her agony became so intense that it was with difficulty Marston could proceed. She flung herself on the coffin, uttering piercing shrieks, and supplicating that the ground which covered her mother might also be heaped on her; at last, force was necessary to

restrain her sufficiently to proceed with the interment. While Marston was intent in prayer, she suddenly darted from the ground, and in a few minutes was out of sight. Madness seemed to give strength and fleetness to her feeble limbs, and all pursuit proved vain. From a part of her dress, which was found some time after floating by the river's bank, it was supposed the wretched girl had drowned herself.

Instead of hastening to Netherwood, after every research to discover Eugenia had been ineffectual, Marston returned to the abbey, and wrote thence to Mrs. Howard the unhappy termination of their charitable intentions.

It was several weeks ere Marston became again a visitor at Netherwood. He feigned indisposition as the cause of his absence, and his appearance amply justified this assertion, for he was paler and much more dejected than

he had been of late. There was something constrained in his manner, whenever he addressed Mrs. Howard, and his countenance expressed great melancholy. He avoided all occasions of conversing with her alone, and seemed no longer to enjoy her society:—yet still he came, and lingered; although he grew still sadder, and graver, and more restless.

He would come early to Netherwood, and then depart in half an hour, pretending occupations which required his absence; and then would return almost immediately, and forget the important business which he had stated called him away. At other times, he would shew, in innumerable ways, signs of impatience and irritability, and, bursting out of the house, would remain absent several days.

Mrs. Howard became uneasy for his health, and even his reason. He declined visibly; nevertheless, his snatches of impatience made

her fearful of offending him by noticing them. Little could she guess or suspect the truth. She was entirely unconscious of the sensations that agitated his mind; and oftentimes increased his embarrassment, and aggravated his sufferings, while she thought, by her expressions of sympathy, she was mitigating them.

His old grey-headed servant, Joseph, who had never quitted him since his birth, and was most truly devoted to him, sought in vain to discover what it could be which so afflicted his dear master; and he would repair of an evening, when his service was ended, with the garrulity of age, to make Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Howard's housekeeper, the confidante of his perplexities and uneasiness.

"I really don't know, Mrs. Davenport, what in the world ails my unhappy master; but what is certain is, that he gets worserer and worserer. Sometimes, I declare, he will

nearly snap one's nose off; and when he is in them worriting tempers, he will take nothing whatsomever of nourishment, not nothing at all. But I hears him sighing, and sighing, and taking on so, and then he goes into the chapel, and there he'll be a praying by the hour together. Do you know, I sometimes thinks as he is distraught. He axed me, no longer ago than last night, what was the name of the captain as is arrived at Netherwood; and when I told him, as I did without thinking to make him angry, as how there had been great preparations made before his arrival, and that folks said in the village as he was come a courting Mrs. Howard, Lord bless you, he shouted out, and clenched his fists this wise, and stared so wildly, and fell down in a chair, as thof he would be having a fit."

"Oh! Mr. Joseph, I wish it was true, with all my heart, what the folks say in the village,"

replied Mrs. Davenport, "for it is quite a mortal pity, to see so fine and sweet a young woman as my mistress wasting away her youth, as sure enough she does, all lonely-like. She arnt more than eight-and-twenty years of age, to my certain knowledge, and she is such a sweet lady, that I am sure she would do honor to a coronet. Howsomdever, I don't think as Captain Harris is come with that there thought, whatever may happen afterwards.

"You are not advised, Mr. Joseph, that Captain Harris is our young master Harry's guardian, and as he is going to take a long sea voyage to the Hingies; I overheard him telling my lady, as it was time that young master should be beginning his hedication; and that as it had been his poor father's fancy as he should folly the same profession as his own, he was come to fetch away young master, and to take him along with him in this voyage.

Poor mistress is in a sad taking, for you know she doats upon her darling boy; and, sure enough, I do think it is a cruel thing to take him from her, so young as he is, all at once so far off.

"Ah, Mr. Joseph, every one has their sorrows, believe me; and if your poor master is stricken as you say he is, why he is not the only hart or hind, as the song says. But, come, don't be for returning homewards this fashion: it is raining very hard, and it is my opinion we shall be having a thunder-storm by and by. Stay, and take a glass of cowslip-wine, and bide a bit till the storm is over."

In a few minutes the old housekeeper's predictions were realized. The cloud hanging over Netherwood burst awfully, and the flashes of lightning succeeded each other with such extreme rapidity, that the heavy roll of thunder continued unceasingly, one peal mingling

with another without intermission. Joseph was, nevertheless, impatient to return home. It was the hour at which Marston generally required his services; but the careful housekeeper insisted that he should not depart as long as the storm continued; and it lasted so long, that it was far advanced in the evening before he set off on his return to the abbey.

He entered the great hall silently and cautiously, lest Marston should have already retired to repose; and that the unusual sound of footsteps, at so late an hour, might not disturb him. He crept to the door of his apartment to ascertain that all was well, but there was no light in his chamber,—all was silence; and, to his great fear and astonishment, on entering the room, it was untenanted. He then descended to the library, but the same stillness reigned there likewise. Breathless, he entered the chapel adjoining,—no sign of life

was there either. Marston was absent it was evident; but wherefore, in such weather, and at such an hour of night? These thoughts both perplexed and alarmed his old servant. Perhaps he had been sent for to the bedside of some sick parishioner, to bestow the comfort he felt so little himself, during Joseph's visit to Mrs. Davenport; but this was simple conjecture. Where seek him at such an hour of night?

The only servant Marston allowed himself, besides Joseph, was an old woman, who came daily to prepare his abstemious repast; and when once her duties were executed, she returned to her cottage and her family. There were numerous labourers employed about the park and grounds, but these also returned at evening to their dwellings in the village.

The old man's conscience bitterly reproached him for having allowed himself to listen to the

persuasions and fears of Mrs. Davenport, and having thus neglected his unhappy master. The following morning, he went in pursuit of him in every direction that his thoughts could suggest as likely to have been visited by him, but unsuccessfully, and in the evening he repaired in much perplexity to Netherwood, and asked to speak with Mrs. Howard, to whom he told his great anxiety and uncertainty.

"My master arn't over well, my lady—his troubles have got such hold of his mind; he passes his days and nights in prayers and tears, and somehow there is no coming near him lately. He looks so angry at me, if I dares to ax him how he is, that he quite frightens me. He usen't to speak to his old sarvant this wise; and when I think as it is I, as has been his servant, come Michaelmas, six-and-thirty years, for I lived with his honored father, and was my lady's own footman; and when young

master was four years old, 'Joseph,' says my lady, 'you shall tend the nursery, and, when your little master is old enough, you shall tend him," and sure enough I have, as in duty bound, ever since; but now I am a weak old man, and my poor master as I loves makes me pass many a weary hour. Sometimes he won't go to bed the whole live-long night, and I watches, and watches, for I don't like to think of resting, whiles I knows as he is watching. But I didn't think as he would go away this fashion, and never as much as say, 'Joseph, I'm going,'—or, 'Good bye to you,'—or something——"

Captain Harris, who had been staying at Netherwood for three or four days, was sitting in the drawing-room at the time of Joseph's visit, and good humouredly proposed to seek Mr. Marston in more distant parts than the old man could undertake to do on foot. Mrs.

Howard eagerly accepted this kind offer, and sent herself in other directions; but all their efforts to discover him were vain, and they were obliged to submit to the painful suspense which they felt on his account, more particularly Mrs. Howard, who was sincerely attached to her friend.

At length, after several days had passed in this uncertainty, a child belonging to a poor cottager, living some miles distant from the abbey, came to Netherwood, sent by his mother, to say that a gentleman, who had been taken very ill at her cottage several days before, had become so much worse as to rave and be totally unable to explain himself. She had observed, in the course of his mental wanderings, that he had mentioned Netherwood several times; and the good woman inferring, from this circumstance, that the owner of that mansion might know something concerning

him, had quickly dispatched her child to apprize her of his dangerous state, as she did not dare leave him alone, his conduct was marked with such violence. Capt. Harris, between the time of his search after Marston and this discovery, had returned to London to prepare for his long voyage, so that Mrs. Howard was unable to have recourse to his friendly assistance at this crisis. No time was to be lost; and she made up her mind instantly to set off, accompanied by Eleanor, to the cottage the child had indicated.

Great was her grief to witness the wretched state in which she found her unhappy friend. The violent paroxysm of fever, under which he had laboured for several days, had subsided, and was succeeded by the excessive depression and weakness which generally follow such attacks. His eyes were sunken, his forehead and cheeks deathly pale, and a wandering,

melancholy, unsettled expression, observable in his eyes, greatly affected her. He avoided looking at her, as she entered the room, and appeared to be collecting his thoughts.

The poor cottager, meanwhile, bustled about and presented chairs for her guests,—much flustered to have such fine company in her little cottage, and so fine a carriage at the door.

Mrs. Howard observed Marston's distress and embarrassment, and with her sex's delicacy of feeling endeavoured, by an assumed quietude of manner, to produce the same in him, and she, in a degree, succeeded. After a few minutes' silence, he fixed his dark expressive eyes on her, and attempted languidly to raise his head from the high-backed chair on which it was resting;—and she spoke, in order to break the silence, which became too embarrassing.

"Marston, it is very unkind of you thus to

quit your friends, and refuse their consolation and assistance, when you are so ill. Why have you done so? You have given us great uneasiness: we have sought you every where for several days, and have been seriously distressed on your account. Your dear little daughter has been quite miserable. Speak to me, dear Marston; you look at me as if you hardly knew me. What can I do for you?—What can we all do, to relieve your unhappy mind? Indeed, I could reproach you with severity for this want of confidence, this proof of indifference. You then feel no sympathy with us!—You do not interest yourself sufficiently for us, to care whether we feel anxiety on your account or not. Unkind Marston!—Is this good woman more attentive than we should have been?—Is her skill greater in the treatment of your illness, than that within our power? Do explain this extraordinary caprice,

or tell me if we have been so unfortunate as unintentionally to offend you, or to give you pain. Believe me, if such is unhappily the case, regret for so doing would infinitely surpass the punishment you would inflict by withdrawing from us."

During this appeal to his feelings, little Eleanor clung round him, crying—"Father, dear father!" With effort, he roused himself to the energy of replying—

"I should, indeed, merit more unkind reproaches than you have expressed (and a faint flush spread itself over his pale countenance), were I here from any of the causes you suppose. In truth, an attack of fever came on me suddenly, near this good woman's dwelling; and when I accepted her invitation to enter her cottage, it was with the expectation of quitting it shortly, and returning home. Would to God, you could offend me!"—and he stopped

short, and began playing with Eleanor's curls, while a distressed and half-angry expression passed over his countenance, not against her but against himself.

The dying speech of Eugenia's mother had awakened him to the real state of his feelings: he had recoiled from them with remorse and dread. He had then been indulging a passion which, in his position, was a sin. With horror he became his own inquisitor; he probed his feelings to the heart's core; he examined all his thoughts, and scrutinized all the feelings which had, for the last few months, engrossed his soul. Each day had added new and deeper cause for self-recrimination to the preceding one. He had sinned mentally, but unconsciously; yet he listened not to the excuses which self-indulgence offered.

"I ought not to have been unconscious!—I have abandoned my soul with indolence to its

perdition," were his bitter upbraidings; and he communed severely with himself.

The priest, who had formerly been his confessor, resided at York, and he had dispatched a messenger, requiring his presence at the abbey. Not that he was a man whose erudition and mind were on a par with Marston's: he was, in fact, little more than a bare reciter of the doctrines he professed; but then he was a person less interested in admitting excuses than himself could be, and he wanted support to strengthen him in the determination he formed. The result of the measure may be easily imagined. The priest enjoined penance, prayer, and fasting, and forbade him re-entering the house where his soul's weal had been so endangered. In so ordering, he fulfilled the duties of his calling, and was satisfied that he had done all that the case required; and ar-

guing from his own calm, indifferent feelings, said, as he quitted Marston—

"I will return in six weeks, and do not doubt I shall find you in a state of mind to allow of my administering absolution."

Six weeks!—A race against time!—As if the passion which had instilled itself into Marston's whole frame, and which had wound itself into his very heart's core, making indeed part, and that the most essential part of his existence, could be effaced as easily as the impress of the breath evanishes from the polished surface of an unsullied mirror.

"Yes," thought Marston, "I will abstain from seeing her, and not all the penance prescribed will amount to one hundredth part of that I shall thereby inflict on myself. But will that destroy the thought of her?"

He persevered several weeks in this deter-

mination, and submitted to all the privations the priest had enjoined; but though the moral man had strength to sustain the ordeal, his physical force diminished daily: the happiness which he had enjoyed for several months, had had the most beneficial effects on his health, and his renewed cheerfulness had restored his former energy. Most true it is, that moral depression renders the body sick.

He relapsed into despondency. Grief, joined to regret at the laws which he had imposed on himself, again undermined his health; and self-reproach, at his repining and unworthy execution of them, completed the measure of his suffering. In one of his wanderings he had fallen suddenly ill, as he truly stated, near the cottage in which Mrs. Howard found him; a violent fever, attended with delirium, had ensued, from the effects of which he was still suffering.

It cannot be expected that the mind can maintain its force, under the circumstances in which Marston found himself, nor can it be supposed that he should have it in his power to preserve the severe self-denial which he had prescribed to himself, when suddenly, and unexpectedly, in the presence of an adored object. He attempted to appear indifferent. He attempted to rebuke himself; but she spoke, and her voice thrilled through him. He looked at her, and all his resolutions faded fast from him. Her unconsciousness of the struggle he was enduring even added to his embarrassment. Could he have communicated his thoughts and sorrows!—But he dared not. He was well aware a declaration of his sentiments, in his peculiar position, would have proved offensive to one so pure, so devout, so attached to her own religion; so scrupulous in her respect for the religion of others, and so

heedful of the observance of it. Could he have given vent to his feelings, and made her bosom the depository of his maddening griefs, —could he have shared his sorrows with her, they might have been mitigated; but the constraint of confining all he felt within his own breast, increased the intensity of his anguish. Mrs. Howard looked at him distressed and perplexed.

"I do not understand you, Marston; speak more frankly."—And seeing him put his hand to his forehead, she added,—"My poor friend, you suffer greatly."

"Yes, yes," said Marston, willingly adopting her interpretation, "I suffer, but not the ministry of angels could relieve me."

"Say not so; I have more confidence, I know, in medical science than you entertain; but let me intreat of you, to allow me to send to you a physician who has shewn himself

really skilful on many occasions. Dear Marston, will you consult Dr. Carlton, if I send him to you? Promise me, if it is only to oblige *me*."

Marston dared not trust his voice to answer her; he dared not even *look* at her. After some moments of violent struggle with himself, he dropped his head in acquiescence to her request; but his agitation increased, the paroxysm of fever seemed returning, and Mrs. Howard, deeply afflicted, withdrew with Eleanor, and hastened to send him a medical adviser. She, in truth, feared for his mind, should his strength resist the violence of the fever which appeared to be consuming him.

Dr. Carlton was a friend of hers, a gentleman of much science and experience, and one in whom she reposed the utmost confidence; and she drove to his house, situated near Wetherby, to explain to him where he

would find Marston, and also to detail to him what she had observed respecting him, since her return from Ireland.

CHAPTER IV.

"Throw physic to the dogs! I'll none of it."

SHAKSPEARE.

"Son qual nave abbandonata,
Minacciata da procella;
Senza scorta, e senza stella
Temo i scogli, e temo il mar."

"I do not quite understand the cause of this feverish, agitated state," said Dr. Carlton to his suffering patient, after several days of constant and careful attendance on him. "There ought to be some amelioration in your pulse,—some signs of amendment in your countenance.

I am disposed to fear that the seat of your disorder is beyond the reach of my power to administer relief. If it is not probing your feelings too deeply, speak frankly to me; tell me if I am right in my conjecture? Although my profession only tends to the curing of the body, the interest with which you have inspired me, would make me desire to be gifted with sufficient eloquence, and to possess sufficient influence over your mind, to operate a cure even not within the pale of my own art. Say, am I right in my supposition? I think the expression of your countenance confirms my suspicions. Yet your holy calling ought to exempt you from sorrows known to those less protected from temptations, and contacts dangerous to their peace and happiness."

Marston lowered his eyes, but made no reply; and Dr. Carlton continued—

"We physicians have numberless opportu-

nities of studying the workings and feelings of the human heart, in the variety of cases we are called on to attend; and I have often thought, that if our profession were united to that of the one, justly considered as the more elevated, which you follow, we might effect an infinity of cures which now remain beyond our skill. The confidence of our patients being granted to us, at the very time that we approach them, in hours of suffering and of weakness, we could administer mental consolation whilst relieving corporeal agonies."

"If such were indeed the result of the combination you suggest, doctor, conjointly with your good intentions, you would truly be most precious advisers! But you must allow me to doubt, that man can be gifted with eloquence and argument, of sufficient weight, 'to administer to a mind diseased;' or that the union of the two professions, as proposed by you,

would tend to produce the effect you anticipate from the powers they would confer. All the consolation which weak man can pour into the ear of a sufferer do not amount, in force or conviction, to that of the calamity under which he writhes. Feeble souls, suffering under acute sorrow, without sufficient energy or stamina to enable them to endure those sufferings, may perhaps receive comfort from weak argument; but where nature has gifted man, or rather cursed him, with strength of soul and frame, he may groan under the weight of sorrow; he may be tortured to madness; but his grief will continue to harrow his mind, with all its poignancy, until the machine bursts."

"These answers, my good friend, from a layman would be admissible, but not so from a servant of God,—one taught to know and feel, and teach to others, that no affliction sent us

is beyond our power of endurance; and that there is a consolation, surpassing all our trials, which is always hovering near us, and stretching out its healing arms to receive us. That you should overlook, or forget this, is indeed discouraging for those who have no other hope than the 'mercy-seat' of another world."

"Doctor, doctor, it is because I am a servant of God that I suffer," groaned Marston; and he covered his head, and shook the bed on which he lay with the violence of his emotions.

Dr. Carlton had suspected it, and, from various short and broken phrases, had conceived Marston's sorrow; but his object was to draw him to declare it, in order to be enabled to reason with him.

"My dear sir, I am a Protestant; and as such, although understanding you, I cannot feel with you. According to my religious sentiments, the being a servant of God can never

occasion regret, as connected with the enjoyment of natural affections. According to our belief, the heavenly power does not require sacrifices which embitter existence, and render his service sorrowful. It should seem much more reasonable to suppose that the heart, unclouded by grief, or repining at sacrifice, would more cheerfully, willingly, truly, and devoutly adore the great Creator of all things, and diffuse with more enthusiasm the blessings of revelation, than if feeling that, in order to do so, there must necessarily exist regret. So firm is my conviction, in this view of the subject,—so unanswerable do I consider this argument, that I cannot but believe, even according to the tenets of religion, that the sacrifice is not rendered the more acceptable in proportion to its extent and pain. That we should endure, with patience and resignation, the afflictions sent to us by Providence,

and not within our power to avoid, I consider as an humiliation, acceptable in the eyes of God, and that he, in chastening us, puts our faith and confidence in him to trial: but I believe, at the same time, that reward for humble submission to his decrees, however severe they may be, is certain. We will not discuss the more important positive points of difference in our creeds, but let us meet half way on minor grounds of controversial difference, nevertheless of considerable interest to you.—Wherefore refuse yourself the solace and happiness of the society of those friends, so really necessary to your existence. I maintain, as a principle, that violent measures only increase certain sufferings, and that absence serves but to irritate and augment the desire of counteracting and overcoming obstacles. I am so persuaded of this fact, that if my daughter were unhappily to form an attachment for

some young man, whom I should consider an unfit alliance for her, far from tormenting her, and withdrawing her from his society, I should let them meet constantly. I am certain that time would do more towards reconciling them to my refusal than absence or vexations. Instead of separating yourself with such severity from those so dear to you, take another line of conduct; indulge yourself a little in their presence. Approach the danger, instead of shunning it,—you will find it less terrible. You will suffer less, and you will be able to vanquish with greater facility a passion you cannot, and must not, encourage."

This reasoning was too much in harmony with Marston's wishes for him not to set aside his judgment, and allow himself to be guided by it. The prospect which opened to him of again beholding his dear friend,—of again enjoying her society,—operated as a most salutary

remedy. A few days sufficed to restore him to such a degree of strength and recovery, as to permit him to remove to Netherwood.

Dr. Carlton had meanwhile prepared Mrs. Howard for this visit, without in the least acquainting her with the real state of Marston's mind; but he told her that her sick friend required much constant care, and to have his mind amused and interested, and he recommended little Eleanor's being perpetually near her father.

"Her little innocent gaiety, added to your cheerful society, will do more for his recovery than any thing I can recommend."

The doctor's advice seemed to have the effect he intended. Marston was calmer, and appeared happier; his health returned slowly, but he appeared to enjoy his position, not encouraging painful thoughts, or looking beyond the present moment.

Captain Harris was not to return to fetch little Harry for another month; and this respite from a grief she dreaded to think upon, restoring Mrs. Howard's cheerfulness for the moment, she was enabled to give more attention to her guest, than she would have done had she been called upon to undergo the immediate sorrow of parting with her dear child.

Time flew rapidly, too rapidly, for them both; the period approaching daily when Mrs. Howard must separate herself from her son, and Marston forgetting his late remorse and resolutions, every thing, but the present moment;—rushing headlong down the stream of perdition, without casting one look towards the past or the future. It is true, he so far remembered his actual position as to avoid unveiling his sentiments; he confined them within his own breast; but he had little merit in so doing,—it was more the result of habit

than reflection. In truth, he did not reflect. The restoration to the presence of her he loved was such happiness, compared to his late sufferings, that he enjoyed it beyond the power of resigning it. He had returned to Netherwood, having made a sort of pact with his conscience. He would not tear himself from her: but he would see her, live in her society, and content himself with that degree of interest. He did not probe further into the state of his heart,—it was to remain quiescent; and having settled that point to his satisfaction, he did not enquire further as time rolled on.

Mrs. Howard's mind was highly cultivated; her nature gentle and lovely, and her society fascinating. She was unconscious of her powers to please; and there was a simplicity and nature in all her expressions and actions, which proved that whatever she said or did arose from the impulse of the moment, and

not from calculation. Sometimes she was distressed, without giving the feeling much reflection, at the intent gaze of Marston, who (apparently reading, while she was occupied either in working or in instructing little Eleanor,) was fixing his large dark eyes upon her, until they drank love to madness. It was her visible momentary distress which recalled him to himself, and then his eyes would sink on his book.

In their walks, in which little Eleanor always accompanied them, he held his daughter's hand,—he might not hold her arm; and his enthusiastic mind would rise to a state of exaltation, as they discoursed on subjects arising either from the works they read together, or from accidental thoughts which became developed with eloquence, inspired as was Marston by that fire which beautifies all it approaches.

But of her, to herself, he never spoke, and of himself, as regarded her, he also refrained from speaking. Could he have continued for ever in the same state of feeling he had experienced the last fortnight, Marston might have remained comparatively happy! The silent monitor within his breast, which would have warned him of his danger, had been too long neglected for its voice now to be raised. One day, perhaps, it will be heard again.—Will it be then in time to save him?

Nature, warring with laws and institutions, and ever working to obtain supremacy, has asserted her rights, heedless of the ruin of the soul incased within the mortal frame. Drive on, poor victim! overleap all bounds! the moment of retribution is not far distant. Tortures, harrowing mental tortures await thee! "Thy frame of adamant, thy soul of fire," will

bear thee on thy long pilgrimage, that thy punishment may be commensurate with thy crime!

CHAPTER V.

"Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the mighty book,
With iron clasped, and with iron bound;
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frown'd."
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

IAGO.——"Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ." SHAKSPEARE.

IT was one of those beautiful days, in the latter end of the month of September, which are so often enjoyed in the autumnal season in

England: a bright sun, and mild air, had engaged Mrs. Howard to take rather a longer excursion than usual, with her children and Marston, in the woods behind Netherwood-park, approaching the York high road. The walk had been delightful, and the healthful exercise had given a radiant glow, which added beauty to Mrs. Howard's already beautiful countenance. A longing came over Marston to offer her his arm, as she clambered up a steep ascent, and timidity withheld him from so doing, rather than a sense of right. Perhaps a faint impulse of the latter may have checked him, but the restraint disposed him to a pettish feeling of irritation, and he moved on silently. Just then they gained the road-side, and found themselves facing the stage-coach, passing, on its way, from London to York. A gentleman looked out of one of the windows, and, calling to the guard to stop, jumped

out, accompanied by a young lad, and ran towards the pedestrians.

Captain Harris was returning to Netherwood, the month being expired which he had announced as the period at which he should come to claim little Harry ; but he had promised to write them word when to expect him, and his not having done so, had been hailed by Mrs. Howard as a sign of change in his intention. His sudden appearance therefore affected her ; and the conviction, brought with it, that she was about to part with her child, drew tears to her eyes, as she received him, and extended her hand to him.

Marston felt a shudder creep over him, as Captain Harris, with the gallantry of a man who had passed many years of his life on the Continent, kissed the proffered hand. That which he would have given kingdoms to dare, another might be allowed without offence.

He hardly returned the salutation which the two travellers made him, but remained coldly silent, and unjustifiably displeased.

It would appear strange that Mrs. Howard should not have mentioned Captain Harris's visit to Marston, or have conversed with him concerning her son, and deplored her hard fate at parting with him; but she had always avoided the subject, because, the only time she had indulged herself in expressing her disapprobation of the profession selected for him, she had found Marston a strenuous advocate, in opposition to her opinion. It was almost immediately on his return to Netherwood, after his illness, which had followed Captain Harris's departure subsequent to his first visit, that she had conversed on the subject.

"I can well conceive your sorrow at parting with your dear child," said Marston, "and the anxiety which you must experience at his

adopting a profession fraught with hardship and dangers; but there are other evils far more to be feared on shore than at sea."

"But where is the necessity of his following any profession? I have no other child to share his estate, and diminish his fortune. Even if the contrary were the case, his inheritance would be sufficient to render a profession entirely unnecessary, considering the question in a pecuniary point of view: why, therefore, should I be afflicted, and my son exposed to a life of peril needlessly——"

"I believe," said Marston, "we need not canvass that part of the question, as it has been the expressed will of your departed husband. The choice of the profession your son is to follow has been irrevocably fixed; and I am entirely of his father's opinion, that it is far more essential to your son's future happiness to have a profession, and be usefully em-

ployed for the good of his country, than wasting his years in idleness and luxury."

"But it does not follow that, if he be neither soldier nor sailor, his years should be passed in idleness and luxury: the care and direction of large property would find him abundant occupation; and literary pursuits, and the charge of a family, at a future period, would amply fill up his time."

"Yes, it may succeed in occupying his hours; but oh! believe me, my experience proves, that more than this is necessary to make a man happy. I was born to a large estate; my parents reasoned as you now reason. Had they thought otherwise,—had they exposed me to hardships and dangers,—I should now bless them for their abnegation of selfish gratification;—I should, when my home was rifled of its treasure, have sought in occupation, in dangers, in change of scene, a solace

to my sorrows;—I should not have——" His agitation overpowered him; he felt he was on the point of betraying himself, and summoning resolution to suppress his emotion, he added, after a minute's pause,—"Send your son to sea; believe me, you will shew him more kindness than in keeping him at home."

"Have you then lost sight of the dread the sea must inspire me with, on every account? Had my kind husband, and your friend, been satisfied with the inheritance of his fathers, and the homely occupation of attending to it, should I have had the misery of losing him? Might he not be here now, to listen to my entreaties not to expose his son to fearful danger——"

"It would be entering," replied Marston, "on a wide field of discussion to answer you. Fatalists would declare, that the manner of death does not in any way effect or prevent the

fact of the final hour's being pre-determined. I believe not one of the creed; and so far would argue in your favour, and wish I could do so in all its bearings,—for I grieve to think, that that which appears to me the wisest resolve should give you sorrow."

"What greater sorrow can I now know than losing my dear child," said Mrs. Howard, bursting into tears.

She looked so lovely in her tears, that Marston no longer dared to continue conversing with her, and he sought to regain some degree of calm by withdrawing. Mrs. Howard, from that time, never renewed the subject with him; but she resolved to make another effort with Captain Harris to keep her darling boy with her. "After all," she thought, "Marston may have an opinion on the subject, but he has no power to enforce that opinion: his guardian has;"—and she avoided even

again reverting to her earnest and anxious wish, lest Marston should interfere with Capt. Harris against her.

To resume the narrative:—He brought with him a young midshipman, who was to sail under his orders, and presented him to Mrs. Howard, as young Norris, his sister's son; and, as he named him, he added,—

"Norris will take little Harry under his protection: a midshipman has many opportunities of shewing kindness to a youngster. I need not add, that I am certain it will be sufficient for him to know how sincerely I interest myself in your little boy's welfare, and how truly I am devoted to his mother, to ensure his being a kind friend and protector to him."

How unreasonable did the fatal passion, which was consuming and destroying Marston, render him! The very expressions of interest pronounced by Captain Harris tortured him,

and, in one instant, roused all his thoughts and feelings into an ungovernable state of frantic rage. Without any cause for his anger, beyond almost childish jealousy, he considered Captain Harris as an intruder, and his interest as officious.

However unreasonable it might be, however absurd, he was tormented at the thought that Mrs. Howard could share the friendship she accorded him with another; and the tone of intimacy, and evidently long acquaintance, which existed between her and Captain Harris, was offensive to him. His eye, lately so gentle and beaming kindness, now rolled stern and unsettled, and his whole demeanour bordered on frenzy. Had not Mrs. Howard been too much engrossed, by the tumult of her own feelings, to notice those of others, she might, in that moment, have learned to dread the

presence of the friend she had so long known and cherished.

When they reached the house, instead of entering the drawing-room with the rest of the party, Marston, unable any longer to control himself, rushed out into the park, walking at random, hardly conscious where he was, or of the real state of his feelings.

Mrs. Howard did not notice his absence; she was intent on executing the scheme, she had long nourished, of dissuading Captain Harris from his intentions of taking little Harry with him. They had approached the centre window of the drawing-room, which opened upon the lawn; and Captain Harris looked out of the window, as she spoke, to avoid the eager pleading look, which he would not allow to sway his judgment. She added, that she had expected to hear from him pre-

vious to his quitting London, as he had promised; and that his sudden and unexpected arrival, had left her totally unprepared for the cruel separation which he announced must take place.

"I confess I am to blame for my apparent negligence," replied Captain Harris, "but I had so much occupation, during my stay in town, that it would have been very difficult to find the time for such an agreeable interruption; and secondly, I will own to you, I was not disposed to furnish you with an opportunity of making a request, which I suspected you were weak enough to intend, from some words you dropped at our parting."

"Then you feel that such a request is admissible," said the poor mother, catching hope from his answer."

"Why——not quite; many circumstances

combine to oblige me to execute my late friend's request."

"But may not those circumstances equally allow of that obligation's being deferred?—He is so young, so delicate,—surely a few years more, passed under the care of his mother, would not interfere with his future profession. He is only eight years old. Leave me my treasure a little longer; it is all that remains to me of my poor Howard. Deprived of him I shall be desolate. Indeed, it is too heavy a grief to me to part with him now. Oh! say you consent to leave him with me, and to defer this cruel moment to some other voyage."

Captain Harris was not of a yielding nature; he had, moreover, reasons for adhering to his present decision, which he considered of imperative consequence to his ward's future welfare, but he avoided giving her a direct answer

at the moment. Still it grieved him to refuse the solicitations of a mother, and he was annoyed at being obliged to give her pain. He continued gazing out of the window, and a silence ensued, which Mrs. Howard feared to break, hoping that it was an indication of his yielding to her entreaties. Her impatience, however, urged her again to address him, and she did so with the most affecting earnestness.

"When you consider a thing right," replied Captain Harris, "what is your rule of conduct?"

"Certainly, to follow the dictates of reason; but are there not many circumstances depending on our will, which admit of being considered in different points of view."

"That," said Captain Harris, "is rather a jesuitical reply; I am more disposed to maintain, that in every important question in life there is but one direct point of view, any de-

viation from which is departing so much from the line of right."

"But, Captain Harris, the departure of my dear boy, a year or two sooner or later, cannot be considered by you as affecting your conscience, whereas it will materially affect my happiness."

"Take my arm, and let us pursue the subject, if you insist upon it, whilst crossing that beautiful lawn. As I am not a Catholic, I shall not let you probe into my conscience."

This he said half smiling, but with a very peculiar expression of countenance. She suffered herself to be conducted by him, and, passing her arm through his, crossed the lawn and entered the shrubbery.

They walked on some minutes in silence;—Captain Harris was desirous of conversing with her without interruption; he wished to communicate to her reports which had reached

him, and to which he deemed it the duty of a friend to draw her attention. Yet he feared that she might consider as officious the unsolicited interference, which his friendship for her prompted him to make, especially since she had not considered it advisable, or necessary, to consult him. He also feared offending her, or giving her pain, and felt distressed and embarrassed in commencing what must appear like an attack on his friend; not that he believed the reports spread concerning her,—he had every reason to think them false, and founded in malice,—but he deemed it necessary that she should be acquainted with them, in order that she might regulate her conduct accordingly.

Malicious gossip will find its way, and spread its venom, into the remotest desert. Notwithstanding Mrs. Howard's extreme retirement, and distance from any town, still observers and

commentators were not wanting to circulate reports injurious to her fame.

Mrs. Carlton, the better half of Dr. Carlton, with whom we are already acquainted, might very fairly have been denominated his worse half, for there were no signs of outward or inward participation in his good qualities. Inasmuch as he was kind-hearted, generous, unsuspicious, frank, and sincere, she was narrow-minded, envious, false, and suspicious. She was the gossip and oracle of the little town of Wetherby; and all the reports circulating in the vicinity could be traced to the slanderous tongue of this lady. She had an only daughter, who did not in the least resemble her mother, but had, fortunately for herself, inherited her father's disposition.

Dr. Carlton, when a young practitioner, had saved the life of Miss Walters, the great heiress of the county of York. She was ugly and

deformed, but in sickness the asperity of her character had been much softened: she had been struck with the doctor's good manners and pleasing appearance, and had employed a common friend to hint to him, that if he ventured to solicit the fair hand of his patient, his suit would not be rejected. This proposal, which was most unexpected, did not much seduce the doctor, who was young, had fair prospects opening to him, and who did not feel in any way disposed to hurry on the critical moment of all men's lives,—that of marriage. But Miss Walters's fortune was represented to him as being so considerable, that he would be enabled to pursue his profession as an object of interest to a scientific mind, without the necessity of submitting to its drudgeries and annoyances. In short, he allowed himself to be persuaded to renounce his liberty, and he had now lived eighteen years repenting of his do-

cility to the voice of the tempter; but the repentance came too late, and he was obliged to endure with resignation the evil which he could not avoid. He saw as little of his wife as it was possible, and passed all his leisure hours with his daughter, whose society indemnified him for his conjugal troubles.

Years had not improved Mrs. Carlton's disposition. She had added to her other qualities a fund of curiosity, which was insatiable, and always in a constant state of stimulus, making her seek with avidity, and by fair or unfair means, to be informed of all that regarded every one, however really indifferent to her. When once possessed of any circumstances she had thus acquired, her impatience knew no bounds until she could communicate her knowledge to others; and she had even been known to make the wife of the apothecary of the neighbouring town the happy confidante of her

news, when no worthier object presented itself. She had, however, a female friend, who in general enjoyed her communications. A maiden lady, who in early life had been crossed in love, and had in consequence vowed implacable hatred to the whole sex for ever, and lived in virtuous solitude and chastity on a little estate bequeathed her by an uncle, on the express condition of her visiting twice a year a son he had left, whose intellects were impaired, and who was placed under the care of a physician, having an establishment for persons, similarly afflicted, in the vicinity of London. In the event of non-fulfilment of this clause, the estate was to pass to a distant relative.

Miss Wilson had to make her half-yearly journey a few days after the one on which Mrs. Howard had called on Dr. Carlton, to request his attendance on Marston, when he fell ill at the poor cottager's house; and she

went to drink tea with her friend, and pay her a parting visit, previous to starting in the coach at an early hour the following morning. Nothing could be more propitious than this visit to Mrs. Carlton, who was labouring under the weight of a more than ordinary proportion of unfairly acquired, and misconstrued intelligence; and her long, thin visage was puckered into a variety of curvilinear lines, intending to express a smile, as she welcomed the sapient Miss Wilson.

It must be remarked, that, independently of the information Mrs. Carlton had acquired by Mrs. Howard's visit to the doctor, she had obtained many details by lending an attentive ear to a long conversation, which had occurred some days afterwards, between the doctor and his daughter. The latter was sitting in the drawing-room with Mrs. Carlton, when the doctor entered the room, having just returned

from the visit to Marston, which had put him in possession of the state of his patient's mind. He was interested and affected by it, and according to his habit, when any thing occupied his thoughts, he sought his daughter's society.

"Fanny, leave your embroidery, and come to the library."

This was his usual manner of announcing something more than common, and Mrs. Carlton also, as usual, repaired to the library-door, as soon as they quitted her apartment, and were, as she supposed, safely seated. She arrived, as her daughter was replying,—

"This is indeed a sad case, and, I fear, a hopeless one."

"I am disposed to regard it more favourably: the restraint he has put on himself has increased instead of diminishing his passion; perhaps full indulgence in her presence, by

soothing his mind, may render him more reasonable."

"What a subject of regret it is, dear father, that he entered so precipitately into holy orders! Had he been free, he might have honorably sued Mrs. Howard, and perhaps she would have approved of his proposals, and made him happy in becoming his wife. Poor man! he has cruelly marred his existence."

"Oh!" thought Mrs. Carlton, "now we understand."

A cough of the doctor's veiled the commencement of the reply; the only words audible were—"Confessor——Catholic religion ——could become a Protestant; all might still be well——but there is no chance of that, for——"

Mrs. Carlton was now obliged to quit her post, the servants approaching to announce

breakfast, but she had a sufficiently clear notion of the business, and withdrew satisfied. The mass of oral information, of which she thus became possessor, was of too great importance for her to endure any longer being its silent depository.

The whole day she laboured under it; and towards evening she had made up her mind to go and communicate it to some one, to whom it was immaterial, when Miss Wilson was announced.

"Nothing can be kinder or more agreeable than this visit, my dear madam. It seems an age since we met; and I was at the very moment thinking of ordering the carriage, and going to see you, when I heard you announced."

Miss Wilson, albeit never of the mildest nature, was not in one of her sweetest tempers. The obligatory journey she took twice a year,

rarely made the months of April and October, appear pleasant ones to the forlorn virgin; and she did not, at the present moment, sympathize with Mrs. Carlton's joy, as she grumbled forth,—

"Dear me, madam, how extremely obliging you are. I wish I could find the time as long as you politely say you have felt it since we met; but, considering that I came to see you little more than a week ago, and that all my time since has been employed in packing up and preparing for my detestable journey to London, it seems to me only a few hours since we parted."

"Then pray, my dear madam," retorted Mrs. Carlton, whose equanimity could not brook provocation, "if such was your feeling, allow me to ask why you have returned again so soon?"

"Why, indeed!" rejoined the other, whose

lips became paler and paler, till they had acquired a light lilac tent, the red chased away seeking asylum in the tip of her nose, " I cannot conceive why I was such a fool! But the shortest follies are the easiest repaired; and so good evening to you, Mrs. Carlton; and I will take special care, depend upon it, to put a longer space of time between my next visits."

The promptitude of this reply, followed by a retrograde march of the amiable Miss Wilson toward the door, alarmed Mrs. Carlton considerably. What could she do, if Miss Wilson acquired, by other means than hers, the information she was so rich in possessing? The thing was not to be thought of. Miss Wilson might take quite another view of the case from that she desired, if it were differently represented.

The grudge she owed Mrs. Howard for the slight notice she had ever taken of her; and,

above all, Mrs. Howard's not even asking for her, when she came to see the doctor on Marston's account, made her resolve to execute what she considered fair vengeance on her. These thoughts passed rapidly in her mind, as the ill-tempered maiden tottered towards the door, in agitated fury; and she softened her voice to dulcet persuasive sounds, as she said,—

"Indeed, Miss Wilson, this is very unkind of you; I am sure my reception of you did not warrant this anger. I was very far from intending to offend you; and if I expressed myself eagerly on seeing you, it was, because the intelligence I have to communicate to you is so extraordinary, that I felt certain you would be impatient to learn it."

These last words were cabalistical: the old lady stopped short, and, soothing her ire by degrees, returned to the arm-chair placed for her before the fire, and by the side of the tea-

table; the usual condiment of scandal being ready prepared to give savour and enjoyment to the delectable news.

She sat down in eager anticipation of the interesting communication, and turned an enquiring and anxious look on her hostess; but our vixen was not disposed to gratify her so soon: she had gained her point, and drawn her back; but now that she was fairly seated, and that there was no danger of a second retreat, she resolved to punish her for her irritability, and make her wait and languish; pretending first a cough, then the duties of the tea-table, which could be eked out so as to form a long operation; then the fire must be arranged; then she trod on her little dog's tail, and he must be consoled; till her victim fidgetted, and coughed, and hemmed, and was ready to fly out again in fury. At length, the

pleasure of communicating a tale of slander got the upper hand, and she began.

"Well, Miss Wilson, what times we live in; where shall we now find virtuous women, or holy men? I confess, I am so horror-struck at what I have to communicate, I don't know how or where to begin! Did you not suppose that Mrs. Howard, of Netherwood, was quite a model of virtue?"

"Why, indeed, I must acknowledge she has had that reputation," rejoined Miss Wilson; but *I*, for my part, rarely believe in the existence of those great models of perfection. Her reserve with her country neighbours, refusing to see or call on them, as though they were not good enough for her, always struck *me*, I will own, as a pretext for concealing what she did not choose should be known; however, I may be mistaken."

"Mistaken, madam! no indeed you are not mistaken, but, on the contrary, have given convincing proof of the perspicacity of your judgment; and when these self-reputed Pamelas set about wickedness, I believe they surpass moderate sinners at a pretty rate. Why, madam, she taken her confessor for her paramour! Ah, you may well look astonished, and smile; I know what I am telling you for certain; and were I to detail to you all the particulars which have come within my knowledge, your hair would stand on end."

The eyes of the old hags glared brighter than the lights which stood on the table between them; and never was malice more truly pourtrayed than in the two awful smiles which accompanied the last phrase.

"I always thought that Mrs. Howard had been a Protestant."

"So have many supposed; but you see

plainly she is not, since Mr. Marston, of Marston Abbey, is her confessor."

"Mr. Marston!" ejaculated Miss Wilson, raising her withered hands and eyes; "why, this is quite beyond shameful. What, the man who inspired us all with such interest when he lost his wife; and who must needs turn priest, because he should never be consoled for the loss of her? Well, well, I don't know what may be your intention, Mrs. Carlton, but this I know, that if I should chance to meet Mrs. Howard, which sometimes happens when she comes into the town to make purchases, I shall be very careful to have no communication with her."

"You will do perfectly right; and I shall take special measures for letting all the respectable families of our country be informed of her conduct. It would be quite shameful, if she were to be received in houses where

there are young girls, who might be contaminated by the conversation and example of such an abandoned, unprincipled woman!"

They continued their charitable conversation, until they had comfortably settled their unconscious, and innocent, neighbour's present and future position entirely to their satisfaction; and then Miss Wilson withdrew, more amicably disposed to Mrs. Carlton than when she arrived, and more satisfied than ever with her own virtue; and transported at the frailty, which she considered certain, of the odious, young, and handsome Mrs. Howard. The next morning she proceeded to London, to remain there a month.

CHAPTER VI.

IAGO.—"O beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!"
SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN Captain Harris took coach at London, accompanied by young Norris, on his return to Netherwood, a month after his departure from the latter place, to claim his ward, according to the intentions he had announced on taking leave of Mrs. Howard, he

found the coach occupied by a grim-looking old lady,—the same Miss Wilson whom we have before noticed, now on her return to her home, having payed the obligatory visit to her mad relative, and passed the time, strictly prescribed, with him. By her side was seated Mrs. Sturgeon, the apothecary's wife, residing at Wetherby; and snugly tucked in the corner, on the same side of the coach, a Quaker, with a good-humoured countenance, half-shrouded by his broad-brimmed hat.

Nothing particular occurred to the travellers, who severally remained absorbed in their own thoughts, until they changed horses at Abberford, when a man, who appeared waiting at the inn-door for the arrival of the stage-coach, handed in to the apothecary's wife a little spaniel, delivering at the same time recommendations to her to be very careful of it, and make it over to Mrs. Carlton, on her ar-

rival at Wetherby. Mrs. Sturgeon received the charming little animal, with many promises of care, and placed it on her knees; but it seemed unaccustomed to the motion of a carriage, and not extremely disposed to approve of it,—so that it fidgetted, and jumped, till it came several times in contact with the elderly lady's knees; at length, it fell on one of her feet,—on the extremity of one of which grew what we are distressed to name. A shrill shout, however, proclaimed it.

"Gracious heaven, madam, cannot you keep your nasty little dog to yourself? He has trod on my corn, and I declare the pain of it quite goes to my heart."

The apothecary's lady used every expression of contrition that she could think of to soften the resentment of her neighbour, and might perhaps have succeeded, had not young Norris, who had been highly diverted with the

irritability of the old lady, in vain endeavoured to suppress a laugh, which burst out only with the more violence, whispering, as soon as he recovered his breath, to Captain Harris,—

"The only thing, I should suspect, that ever went to her heart."

Miss Wilson was remarkably quick of hearing, and the phrase unhappily arrived intact to her oral faculties. It was a cruel one, it must be owned, considering all circumstances. It was bitter; and it roused all the hatred, that good lady nourished with constancy in her bosom, against the whole sex.

"If all the world was peopled with rude boys, young gentleman, your opinion of me might most certainly be justified; and, I thank heaven, my heart has never granted a place in it to any such vermin."

This retort increased the merriment of the youngster beyond all bounds, and his mirth

became contagious, for Captain Harris, notwithstanding his efforts to look serious, could not succeed, and some mischief worse than mere angry words might have occurred, if the fat, peaceable Quaker had not interposed with his phlegmatic counsel.

"Verily, woman, thou forgettest thyself, and the travellers that journey with thee. Be more moderate in thy expressions of anger; and if thou must needs rebuke the youth for his unseemly mirth, let it be in words and manner better suiting thy sex and condition, or there will be no tarrying with thee until we reach the town of Wetherby, from which untowardly we are still removed nearly eight miles, for yonder I see the park of Netherwood. It is a comely place, friend," said the good Quaker, addressing Captain Harris; for, having obtained silence from his neighbour, he continued speaking, in order to give her the needful time

to calm herself, and regain a moderate degree of temper. "It is a comely dwelling also, and the owner thereof a godly woman. I may in truth bear such testimony of her, for I know much of her ways and dealings, and they are good and just. My daughter hath plied the needle for her, and sojourned with her at sundry times, and verily I have heard her testify loudly of her praiseworthy deeds. She is a good Christian; and so it is recorded of her by my daughter Sarah, and all those who have dealings with her."

Miss Wilson had been thus far forcibly silent; but her tongue now refused any further compulsion, and the theme of the Quaker presented itself to her vindictive spirit as sweet comfits to a longing palate.

"Now *I* shall give you a piece of advice in return for *yours*, Jeremiah Esketh," shrieked out Miss Wilson. "First, give your daughter

Sarah a good beating for bearing false witness; and, next, lock her up, that she may not corrupt modest young women with *her* notions of praiseworthy deeds. Praiseworthy, forsooth! This is what comes of your Quakerly speeches, and gibberish, which a true Christian cannot understand. I shall not defile *my* mouth by using the proper expressions for Mrs. Howard's conduct; but any body, knowing as much as *I* do of it, may be at the trouble of guessing them."

It was now the apothecary's wife's turn to address some words to Miss Wilson, which she did, mincing and holding the little dog very tight, that he might not again be the cause of tumult and disorder.

"You quite astonish me, madam! This is the very first I have heard of it; and yet I cannot but think I should have been made acquainted with it, had there been any thing, so

intimate as I am with Mrs. Carlton; who, besides having numberless opportunities of knowing what goes on at Netherwood, from being a neighbour of Mrs. Howard's, must also have it in her power to obtain much information, in consequence of Dr. Carlton's attending her professionally."

"Upon my word," said Miss Wilson, bridling up, "I never heard of that intimacy, although I have the advantage of being Mrs. Carlton's nearest neighbour; nor do I know what your intimacy with her (supposing it to exist) can have to do with Mrs. Howard's amours with Mr. Marston; but what I do know is, that Mr. Marston, of Marston Abbey, went raving mad, from a fit of jealousy about some navy captain who came down to Netherwood, and who, I suppose, supplanted him; and that Mrs. Howard came to fetch Dr. Carlton to him, and confessed the whole

to him; and since that, I understand, Mr. Marston has been residing at Netherwood, and is probably consoled, as I am informed that the navy captain quitted the ground very suddenly, and has not been heard of since."

Here were circumstance, time, and place; and some of Miss Wilson's auditors could no longer doubt of the veracity of her assertions, but felt a sort of reverential awe creep over them, as she proceeded in her history, and seemed to sit accuser and judge over a frail and fallen woman. No one ventured a reply, or to defend her. Jeremiah Esketh, following the bent of his natural good nature, was not entirely persuaded; but his soul was sufficiently troubled for him to groan audibly. Mrs. Sturgeon reflected that the authority quoted for all this information was her *particular* friend, and therefore not to be questioned. Young Norris meant to refer to Captain Har-

ris for his opinion at some more suitable opportunity; and the latter had his reasons for maintaining a profound silence, but he longed in his heart to take the mischievous old hag by the throat, and fling her out of the coach-window into the ditch by the road-side, like a noxious reptile.

Jeremiah Esketh summoned his daughter Sarah instantly on his arrival at his clean, tidy, comfortable haberdasher's shop, at the entrance of the town, saying,—

"Child of my bosom, come hither. Wherefore hast thou deceived thy father, and borne false testimonies concerning the dweller at Netherwood? Didst thou not declare her to be a godly woman, of decent manners, and bearing herself as becometh a meek and virtuous woman?—whereas, she liveth in lewdness, and hath paramours. Tell thy father, wherefore hast thou done this?—wherefore must I re-

buke thee; and wherefore hast thou failed in thy duty?"

"Father," replied Sarah, "no falsehood has been uttered by me. Verily, I bore testimony of the charity and goodness of that kind Christian. Thou knowest how oftentimes I have been sent for to Netherwood to do needle-work; many months at a time have I sojourned there, and never did I see aught, or hear aught, that might not be said and repeated of the owner of that mansion. All her servants speak of her with attachment. Thou knowest, father, when the poor woman departed this life, who lingered so long in sorrow, in the cottage hard by, that same good and just woman sent her raiment and food. She doeth boundless charity, and liveth a retired, sober, quiet life; nor is there any one that visiteth her constantly but a devout man—a Romish priest."

"Child, it is of him they speak," rejoined Jeremiah; "but, in sooth, I do much discredit the report as being one invented by slanderous and evil-tongued people: but I will put them to confusion and shame, and rebuke them to silence; for I will go straightways, and take thy testimony to them, who have harboured such wicked thoughts of their neighbour."

How the good Quaker was received, on his charitable errand, by Miss Wilson has not been recorded; but when he returned home, he gave orders to Sarah to have no dealings with the elderly maiden, Wilson, who lived at Thornhill, should she come to purchase haberdashery at his shop. Nor was his zeal in the cause of truth abated by his ill-success with that lady. The next morning, at an early hour, he mounted his little grey pad, his brown square coat being neatly brushed, and his broad-brimmed hat shining in all the gloss of

its first month's wear, and proceeded to the mansion of Dr. Carlton. He was in the habit of being occasionally summoned by Mrs. Carlton to exhibit his wares; and on this occasion, being uninvited, took with him some articles he had purchased in London, and which he thought would furnish a decent pretext for the intrusion of his visit.

The apothecary's wife had also that same morning repaired to Fairbank, the name of the doctor's place, in order to get fairly, and thoroughly, acquainted with the history related by Miss Wilson in the stage-coach. She was the bearer of the little spaniel, the innocent cause of all the mischief hatched the preceding day; a present to her patroness, ergo, self-styled, friend; and Jeremiah, who found instant admittance to the presence of Mrs. Carlton, was not sorry to meet her there, as the terrible appearance of the former a little in-

timidated him. As he spread forth his wares, he summoned up courage, and introduced the subject thus :—

"These stockings are good merchandize, and well worth the price I set upon them; shall I put aside some dozen for thee? I brought some with me expressly for my kind and good customer at Netherwood. She is a good Christian, and one highly esteemed and beloved in all the neighbourhood, although slander hath been set abroad against her, as thou canst witness," turning to the apothecary's wife. The latter had not yet touched that question, the conversation, previous to Jeremiah's arrival, having been on the little spaniel and its merits: she was, therefore, much annoyed at the appeal, and fidgeted about, not knowing exactly what she was to answer.

Mrs. Carlton looked at the good haberdasher with an expression of much malice and con-

tempt, but said nothing; and the consequence was, an obligation, on the part of Jeremiah's fellow traveller, to speak.

"Pray, madam, what is all this story to which Esketh is alluding; it formed the subject of conversation in the stage yesterday, and quite astounded me. Is it possible, that Mrs. Howard can be leading such a life of abomination as I heard reported?"

"More difficult things have been possible," mumbled forth Mrs. Carlton, turning over the wares of Esketh meanwhile.

"Take not amiss," said the good Quaker, "that I come with testimony in favour of the accused; she is a worthy woman, and not the loose creature malice would make her appear. My daughter Sarah hath tarried many months in her house, and never saw or heard aught which might be spoken against her. I know myself of her charities, which must commend

her as a good Christian. She caused raiment and food to be given to the poor Catholic woman, who died after long suffering: she sent her a priest, of her persuasion, to comfort her in her dying moments; and she bestowed, and bountifully, charity on her misguided daughter. All this I can certify of mine own knowledge."

"I make no doubt," said Mrs. Carlton, "your daughter Sarah is a most excellent judge, and yourself too, good friend; but there are others, perhaps, a little better informed as to the conduct of the lady, and her motives for all her actions;" and, turning to Mrs. Sturgeon, she began the whole story which she had related already to Miss Wilson; not sorry to expose her to her humble advocate, although she would not have condescended to address him directly on the subject. She concluded by saying,—"You see that even this champion of hers proves how zealous she was

for the Catholic mendicant, and that she sent her paramour to her."

Poor Jeremiah was confounded, but still unconvinced, and withdrew; feeling a much stronger antipathy to his customers than his kind nature had ever been known to entertain towards any body.

We left Mrs. Howard and Captain Harris walking in the shrubbery; and it was some time before the latter acquired sufficient courage to break the silence, which they had both observed from different causes. At length, he addressed her, clearing his voice, and beginning with another subject, in order to gain time ere he arrived at the one uppermost in his thoughts.

"If the wind keeps in the same quarter as at present, I shall have fair weather to drop down the channel; for my ship is manned and ready to start, and I shall be sailing in a few

days. How rapidly she will place a whole hemisphere between us!—You must be prepared to expect that it will be many months ere we meet again. I am afraid I must renounce the protecting charge of you confided to me, at the same time as the guardianship of your little boy! But, happily, the choice you have made of a spiritual adviser and protector relieves me from anxiety on your account.—Were you always a Catholic; or is it since the death of my poor friend that you have changed your religion?"

"Have I always been a Catholic! I change my religion! I take a spiritual adviser and protector! What on earth can you mean?—What are you thinking of, Captain Harris?—What can have put such extraordinary ideas into your heard?" replied Mrs. Howard, in amazement at his speech, and at his manner of delivering it.

"Is is not true?" said Captain Harris. "I own the intelligence astonished me; but if these had been the only rumours which had reached me, I should not have ventured to speak to you on the subject.——You know I am not your spiritual adviser; but I engaged myself to be, and ought to be, your worldly protector, and shield you from unmerited slander.——You look surprised, and well may. You are so good and guileless, that the possibility of malicious tongues attaching evil to your most praiseworthy actions, could never enter your mind. You forget that the very fact of your innocence, and purity of conduct, added (if I may be allowed to subjoin a less important phrase without being suspected of flattery) to your beauty, are sufficient causes for the envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness of those possessing the reverse of all your excellent qualities."

Mrs. Howard turned her beautiful, flushed, and agitated countenance towards Captain Harris, in mute astonishment, and dismay at what was to follow this preamble; and, at the same moment, coming near a path which Marston was crossing, in an agony of mind beyond description, she hastily checked the arm she was leaning on, fearing that the encounter might occasion an interruption in the communication, which she naturally most eagerly desired; and turned down another path.

The action, however slight, did not escape the notice of the keen eye of the unhappy man, who, with the jaundiced feeling of that fatal passion—jealousy—construed it immediately as a corroboration of the judgment he had so hastily formed, and which he willingly encouraged, to torture himself. He even did not allow reflection, or reason, to have the least

influence upon him, but followed the two friends at a distance, determined to observe them, and obtain further confirmation of his fears and maddening thoughts.

"I grieve," continued Captain Harris, observing the distress of her countenance, "to inflict this mental torture on you, who should be one of the last to know its sufferings, from the amiable habit you have of endeavouring to relieve that of others; but so firm is my conviction of the slander set on foot being quite unmerited, that, notwithstanding the pain its knowledge will give you, I deem it advisable to let you know it, since, by a little prudent reserve and caution, you may at once silence and destroy it. Does that priest always reside with you; for his holy calling does not protect him from the same malevolence which attacks you? How long have you known him; and what is his position in your house? For-

give questions which, under all other circumstances than those in which I am placed at this present moment, might appear impertinent; but, as the guardian of Harry, I feel myself bound to make these enquiries. Howard was a true Protestant, and I think would not have wished his son to be a Catholic. Furthermore, his views for him naturally prove this, as he could not at a future period attain great advancement in the profession to which he is destined, unless he were of the established religion of his country. But this worldly consideration apart,—I do not think Howard would have approved of his son's becoming a Catholic."

Mrs. Howard's astonishment now became too great for utterance, and she gazed vacantly on him, in a state of bewilderment. Her confusion led him, for a moment, to believe that he had rather too hastily pronounced her

unjustly accused; and it became his turn to be confused. After a pause, she recovered sufficiently to articulate,—

"That priest! What is his position! Is it possible, that in the number of years you lived in intimacy with my dear Howard, he never mentioned Marston to you?—the friend of my childhood, and our mutual friend; without whose kind offices we never should have been united; and with whom we always lived in the greatest habits of friendship and intimacy?"

"No, truly, he never did; and the first time I think I ever heard his name mentioned, was but a few weeks since, when an old man came to enquire of you where he was; and when I volunteered my services to beat about the country to find him, seeing how visibly his absence seemed to distress you."

Mrs. Howard then narrated all the circum-

stances we have previously detailed, as connecting her history with Marston's.

Captain Harris and Howard had been schoolfellows and friends, and had continued their friendship in manhood. They had both selected the navy as their profession, and had served together until three years previously to the latter's acquaintance with Mrs. Howard, and subsequent marriage. At that period Captain Harris was sent on the West India station; and various circumstances combined to keep the two friends apart for some time, but at a later period they again found themselves serving in the same fleet. They were together in the same action in which Howard was mortally wounded; and, on his deathbed, he confided the care of his wife and child to his friend, whose honourable character was so well known to him.

Captain Harris did not return to England

for two years after the death of his friend, when Mrs. Howard was in Ireland. He was soon detached on active service, and had only again put into port, at the time of her return to reside at Netherwood; but his professional duties and occupations had always prevented his going down to Yorkshire, until the visit already mentioned, so that he had never met with Marston.

"It is very abominable that so simple a history, so honourable, and so in harmony with your good feelings, should be so vilely, nay infamously, construed as it has been by some old women, your neighbours in Wetherby, and circulated with such persevering industry by them," said Captain Harris; "but I fear you must impose on yourself the obligation of making a sacrifice of some portion of your kind attentions to your friend, and cease receiving him as a guest; unless indeed you dis-

regard entirely accusations, which, being totally without foundation, are perhaps, after all, not worthy of your attention."

"As yet," replied Mrs. Howard, "it appears to me that the accusations bearing on me are not of a nature to alarm me, and I see no reason which can justify my abandoning my unhappy friend; who is so lonely, so oppressed by corroding griefs, which he concentrates within his own bosom, and which I have in vain endeavoured to persuade him to communicate; hoping, that by unburthening his sorrows to a true friend, I might find some arguments to soften and diminish them. He is so wretched, his afflictions prey on his health so much, I could not for selfish reasons, of really trifling importance, add another pang to the many he endures. After all, the good people of Wetherby supposing me to be a Catholic is not of much consequence, and were I such

I should not consider it a very heinous offence; but, believe me, it is not their suppositions which can deter me from a positive duty; nor can the society of a friend of another persuasion destroy principles, so carefully instilled into my mind by my parents, as mine have been, confirmed too as they are by reason and reflection. In honour to Marston, I must also assure you, that he never has attempted to convert me to his religion; indeed, he very rarely converses on the subject."

Captain Harris hesitated to pursue the conversation any further, and continued walking with his eyes bent on the ground, and Mrs. Howard resumed.

"Do you not agree with me, that it would be cruel to break off all connection with the lonely and unhappy man?"

"Women feel so very differently from what we do on many occasions," replied Captain

Harris, "that it is sometimes very difficult to be of the same opinion with them; I mean, that there is such a delicate and fine-drawn web of feeling encircling their hearts, that they enter into minute distinctions, which our rougher natures either do not consider, or regard as fanciful. We look at a subject in its broad effects, and leave the details to the gentler and more sensitive sex. For instance, if I had an infirm limb, likely to injure the rest of my body, I should send for the ship-surgeon, and desire him to cut it off. I suppose you would protract the evil moment; and it would not be till after many struggles, and when perhaps the resolution would be too late, that you would bring your mind to submit to the amputation. But come, let me be the surgeon. Find some civil and natural reason for Mr. Marston's curtailing his visit; and, after a little while has passed away, you can

see him occasionally. Since his sorrows are too great for utterance, or of a nature not to be communicated, he can bear them as well in his own house as in yours; and believe me I am giving you good advice."

"Now then shall you perceive how true a heretic I am," replied Mrs. Howard, smiling; "for unless it is in your power to convince me of the necessity of the measure you propose, by some more conclusive reasoning than all you have already advanced, I will not follow your advice, although I am quite persuaded you have given it to me from friendly motives; but I will own to you I cannot penetrate them or comprehend them."

"Why then," said Captain Harris, "suppose your good fame had been attacked; and that you were accused of encouraging, and participating in, sentiments which Mr. Marston's profession prohibits, would you consider

this a sufficient reason for my giving such advice?"

The blood flew to Mrs. Howard's cheeks, and a look of shame and resentment animated her gentle countenance.

"Impossible! Shameful! Can this be said of me? Can any body have been so unjust, so cruel?" and she clasped her hands in agitation and trembling; and then withdrawing her arm from the one she was leaning on, let herself fall, rather than seat herself, on a bank which bordered the walk.

Captain Harris stood before her, pained, distressed, angry with himself, with Marston, with the old women, the cause of all this scene. At last, tears came to her relief, and she wept silently.

Marston, meanwhile, who had not lost sight of her and Captain Harris, suffered tortures beyond all he had ever endured; and no lon-

ger able to resist his feelings, hastily approached them; nor was it till he was before them, that he awoke to a sense of his indiscretion, and felt how much his intrusion must astonish them. He did not attempt to give any reason, or frame any excuse for his conduct; but fixed his large, penetrating eyes, upon her in silence, endeavouring to fathom the mystery, which seemed to surround him; and comprehend, why she was so agitated, why she shed tears which wrung his heart.

She, meanwhile, confused, just looked at him, and then withdrew her eyes, while a multitude of thoughts passed rapidly in her mind; and a sense of the truth of the accusation, as regarded Marston, burst suddenly upon her. Now, phrases innumerable, circumstances countless, came in support of what she had been told, and if any thing had been wanting to confirm any remaining doubts, the deathly pallor of his

anxious countenance told volumes. Captain Harris, calmer, and more capable of observation, also now saw the real state of the case; and the three, by their different expressions of countenance and attitude, formed a group not unworthy of a painter's study.

The moments, thus passed, were few in number, but were years to those concerned; and each felt too intensely, according to his different position, to attempt to break the silence. Years after, when Marston thought of that scene, his feelings would return to him with all the suffering of the moment. Little Eleanor, drawing near them with her nurse, relieved them, in a degree, from their embarrassment.

Mrs. Howard rose, and motioning with her hand an adieu to them both, returned slowly and alone to the house.

Marston followed her with his eyes, till a turn in the walk concealed her from his obser-

vation; and then with a convulsive shudder, taking his daughter by the hand, he turned, without noticing Captain Harris, in the direction of his own park; the nurse, alarmed, though she could not define to herself why, following him at a short distance.

On Mrs. Howard's reaching home, she instantly retired to her own apartment, and did not appear again until dinner was announced. She entered the dining-room, casting a timid glance around her. Only Captain Harris, and young Norris, were in the room. She had wept; her eyes were swollen; and she avoided looking at Captain Harris, as she approached the table. He was uncomfortable, and the servants officiated in silence.

Marston's place at table had been prepared as usual; his chair was there, but was unoccupied; and she had not the courage to enquire wherefore he was not there. Captain Harris

felt the same constraint; and never was repast taken more uncomfortably; yet, neither of those who assisted at it, was angry with the other; thoughts too deep for words embarrassed them.

At dessert, the children were in the habit of coming to partake of it; but only little Harry entered. The little fellow seemed to share the general uneasiness.

"Mamma, where is Eleanor? She did not come home to supper, and we cannot find her."

This observation roused Mrs. Howard, who looked alarmed. She had not connected the little girl in her thoughts with Marston's absense; and she turned to the servants for some explanation; but they knew nothing further, than that the nurse had taken her out walking at the usual hour, and had not since returned. Captain Harris, however, stated, that Marston had taken her along with him in his continued walk, when Mrs Howard had quitted them.

The remainder she suspected; and bursting into fresh tears, rose from the table, and taking little Harry and her guests with her, withdrew to the next room, to avoid the observation of the servants.

Captain Harris felt with her, and for her, and endeavoured to relieve her by turning her thoughts into another channel. He addressed little Harry,—for, in cases of embarrassment, one generally turns for relief to children or dogs, if happily there are any; if not, the state of the weather is largely discussed, with all its variations.

"Well, my fine little fellow, are you ready to start with us? Shall you like to be a navy officer, and return to your mother one of these days, covered with laurels?"

"I shall like to be an officer very much," replied Harry; "shall I be one very soon?"

"Aye, very soon, if you deserve it; Norris,

some letters were put into my hands as I got into the coach, and I find by them, that the Diamond is manned, and ready to put to sea. Indeed, she has dropped down to Gravesend."

"Then, sir, I suppose we are to start," replied Norris.

"Yes: my orders are to sail immediately. You must now truly screw up your courage," he said, turning to Mrs Howard; "I must quit you to-morrow, with this nice little recruit."

Her thoughts did indeed turn into a new channel; and she pleaded, argued, entreated, but all in vain; and she was at length obliged to yield. It was then settled, that she should accompany them to Gravesend, and not part with her little treasure, till the vessel actually sailed. The necessary preparations for their journey, and, in some measure, for Harry's voyage, (for the remainder was to be done at

Gravesend,) occupied her almost all the night, and allowed her but little time for reflection.

Captain Harris, to tranquillize her mind, ascertained, in the evening, that little Eleanor was at Marston Abbey with her father.

The next morning, at daylight, all was bustle and movement in the house; the servants running to and fro, packing the carriage, carrying trunks, and adding confusion to the hurry, so sudden a departure occasioned. At an early hour they were ready to start.

How desolate does a house appear, when its inhabitants are gone from it! The movement, the animation, their presence gives, seem to bestow life on the walls, and all the objects, which adorn them. The furniture, the ornaments, the flowers, all partake of the presence or absence of their masters.

As Mrs. Howard descended from her room,

she passed the one Eleanor had inhabited. A pair of little shoes(*b*) was near the door, which was open; and further on, a toy was lying on the floor, calling to mind the taste and age of the little owner. The sight of them deeply affected her; and as she cast a look into the room, and saw the bed, in which the child had always slept, and where she visited her previous to retiring to rest every night, her heart swelled with sorrow at the thought, that the little being in whom she had taken such interest was withdrawn from her.

Marston's room was adjoining; and other new, though silent objects attracted her attention. Some flowers he had selected, were on a table, drooping, and declaring the absence of him who had taken care of them. A book with a leaf folded down marked his studies of the preceding morning.

"Poor man!" she thought, "were not your

sorrows sufficient, without adding fresh ones of your own creation, loaded too with reproach?" and she paused a moment at the door.

The voices of the servants, announcing that all was ready, drew her from her reverie; and she descended to the hall, where the travellers were assembled waiting for her; and in a few minutes, all was silence at Netherwood, saving the echo of a door or two shutting after the servants, as they closed the shutters, placed the apartments in order, and then withdrew to another part of the building.

CHAPTER VII.

HERMIONE.——————"Pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.
MAMILLIUS. "Merry, or sad, shall't be?
HERMIONE. "As merry as you will.
MAMILLIUS. "A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprites and goblins.
HERMIONE. "Let's have that, sir.
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.
MAMILLIUS. "There was a man—
HERMIONE. "Nay, come, sit down; then on.
MAMILLIUS. "Dwelt by a church-yard; I will tell it softly;
Yon crickets shall not hear it."

WINTER'S TALE.

IN the course of the day, old Joseph came to Netherwood, and according to his custom, re-

sorted to Mrs. Davenport's (the housekeeper's) room.

"Why, here are strange doings, Mrs Davenport! What has been the matter? Has there been a rumpus? What! all the family gone off! and all in such a hurry! And my poor master is returned home, more gloomy than ever, and has brought his young lady with him. Mrs. Betty is all forlorn; she finds the house so dull after Netherwood; and truly, if it war'nt for my company, which I give her as much as I can, (but my duty leaves me but little time to dispose of,) the poor maiden would be very dull. Marston Abbey arn't full of servants and company, and what not, coming here, running there, making such a clatter and noise. Sometimes, when I return to the Abbey after having been here, it seems as thof I was entering a tomb. Not a sound to be heard; not a face to be seen but my master's, which is none of the gayest;

(although he be a handsome man, that I must own.) Not a step passing across the marble hall but my own ; and I don't go so lightly as I used once to do. Ah me! well, as I was saying, I'm not surprised Mrs. Betty should not fancy our Abbey; poor soul! she'll just be moped to death. My poor young lady, too, looks all amazed ; the dear child takes on sadly, and master don't say much to her or to any one ; he looks so melancholic, and goes from the library to the chapel, and back again to the library, and away again to the chapel, it makes me feel all over somehow to see all this."

" I really know no more than you do, Mr. Joseph, what it all means," said Mrs. Davenport, raising her round, grey, good-natured eyes, to meet the little, sharp, inquisitive ones, which were scrutinizing her countenance ; " I am quite at a loss to explain it all. My poor lady does nothing but cry, and take on in a

heart-breaking manner; and I'm morally certain it isn't always all along of Master Harry. They all set off this morning, by break of day, quite of a sudden. There was no mention of it till after dinner yesterday, and we sat up all night packing and preparing. I think as they are gone to Lunnun; but we have had no orders to send on letters; only my lady said, as she got into the carriage, says she, 'I shall be back again, alas, too soon!'"

"Well, well, I hope, however, now you will have a little leisure time to yourself, you will come and take a friendly cup of tea with us at the Abbey; it will be a comfort to Mrs. Betty to see you."

"Indeed, I will, Mr. Joseph; and in truth, I shall be very glad to see Marston Abbey, for they say it is a very fine building."

"Aye, truly, it is a noble building; and when my poor mistress lived, and the house was

always full of company, many hundreds used to come and see it, and its fine gallery of family pictures; but now it's quite different; it's just for all the world like a place deserted. The fine lawns, and walks, and shrubberies, are all filled with weeds and wild plants; and it almost frightens one to cross the great galleries and staircases at nightfall, the echo of one's feet sounds so hollow, and as thof one walked over tombs. My poor master wanders about the great empty house, and large oak woods, like the ghost of him who was once so cheerful, and made every body around him so happy. The great gates at the grand entry, which used formerly to be always open, are now never unclosed; indeed, there is no porter there to open them; and when you come to see us, which I hope you will, you must go round the house to a small door near the pantry, through which my master and I always pass."

After this glorious dish of chat, they parted; Mrs Davenport promising to go to the Abbey the following week.

Marston Abbey had formerly been a monastery, as its name indicates; and had belonged to the family bearing the same name for several hundred years. The founder of the Abbey was a Marston. At his death, he had bequeathed it to his descendants, on condition that it should remain a monastic establishment.

At the battle of Marston-moor already alluded to, the Abbey had been chosen as the head quarters of the Prince Rupert. During the course of that eventful battle, it had been attacked with vigour by the enemy, and had been promised to the troops for plunder; but by the subsequent hasty retreat of the loyalists, which had drawn off the enemy in rapid pursuit, the Abbey had been abandoned, and remained unmolested. The monks, however, had fled:

many of them were slaughtered by the victorious fanatics, and from that time Marston Abbey had no longer been inhabited as a monastery, but by the direct ancestors of its present possessor.

The Abbey, standing in the centre of a large park, was remarkable for the grandeur of its appearance, and the beauty of its construction; being considered a fine specimen of Gothic architecture. The façade was particularly magnificent; rising in spiral forms, decorated with fret-work and ornaments, carved after the fashion of the times in which the building had been constructed.

The great portal in its centre, formed the principal entrance to the Abbey; it conducted to a large square court surrounded by galleries, lighted by large casements of coloured glass, representing subjects from Scripture.

On entering folding-doors in the centre of

this inward pile, the eye was struck with the magnificence of a large and lofty marble hall, having at the four corners large open stair-cases of easy ascent, also of marble, which conducted to the four wings of the building.

Each wing contained a whole suite of noble apartments. The two suites forming the north and south corners on the eastern side of the square, were connected by a large and long gallery, which contained the portraits of Marston's ancestors.

The other two suites, forming the north and south corners of the western side, were connected by a long, large, and lofty banqueting room, formerly the refectory upon state occasions.

There were doors of communication with the wings, extending east and west. One of these wings had been inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Marston, during the life of the latter, but had not been opened since her death. The other,

containing the library, chapel, and apartments, was now occupied by Marston. There was a communication with the cloisters, forming a square round the burial-ground, which was extensive, and planted with cypresses, yews, willows, and other trees, which gave a melancholy grace to the abode of death. Behind the cloisters was a large garden, which opened into the park.

The poor little Eleanor—separated so suddenly from her, whom, from her infancy, she had considered as a mother; from little Harry, her playmate, and self-named brother; and constantly in presence of her gloomy father, whose abstracted countenance and haggard appearance inspired sadness, and were any thing but inviting or amusing for a little child —had already lost all the gaiety of her years; and at the sight of Mrs. Davenport—who was a good-natured motherly woman, and had al-

ways been very kind to her, giving her "the biscuit, and confectionary plum," when she came into the housekeeper's room, and who now, in fulfilment of her promise to Joseph, had come to the abbey a few days after the departure of Mrs. Howard—burst into tears, and threw herself into her arms.

Marston, passing at the moment into the chapel, caught the sound of voices in the great hall, and would have passed unheedingly, had not certain words attracted his attention, at which he remained transfixed and astounded.

"My good Mrs. Davenport, take me back with you to mamma, and little brother; it is so dull here. I have nobody to play with; nobody takes any notice of me: it is so quiet, so still. Why has mamma sent me away?"

"I do not know, my sweet child, but I suppose it is your papa's will. I cannot take you back to her, I am sorry to say, for she is gone

away. Do not cry, my dear; poor little child, it makes my heart ache to see her."

"Is Mrs. Howard gone away?" said Mrs. Betty.

"Aye, truly, with Captain Harris and Master Harry. I shouldn't wonder if my lady didn't return awhile, for I'm moral certain she'll never part with Master Harry; she'd sooner go to Hingie with him."

"Gone!" echoed Marston to himself, with a groan.

What a gloom overshadows the mind when the object of our adoration is gone! It is the night-season of the heart,—dark, silent, noiseless, melancholy night!

In all cases of separation, it is not the one who goes who is to be pitied, it is the one who remains. The change of scene, the obligation of movement, the novelties the eye meets with, the fact of going, so put the thoughts into a

new channel, that half the sorrow of parting is removed; but the forsaken one bears more than his sum of grief: every surrounding object becomes a remembrance of the departed. Time seems to crawl with a snail-like space, and "the burthen of the mystery" of life is doubled.

Marston, in quitting Netherwood so abruptly, had been prompted by two feelings widely opposite, but each acting with violence on him:—the one, a determination to fly from such suffering as he endured in her presence, and to break his heart in solitude, if he could not surmount his passion; the other was to prove to her that he saw clearly (clearly as jealous madness sees), and, by withdrawing, manifest to her his disapprobation of her conduct.

Mrs. Howard, however, in the short interval of time which occurred between his departure

and her own, had little leisure to reflect on the motives which had caused his sudden withdrawal, more than supposing that he fled her society from self-reproach at indulging a passion, which, in his position, it was sinful to encourage. The situation of Marston was thus entirely changed, both from what he had supposed it to be, and in the reality. His leaving Netherwood, which was only half a mile from his home, and to which he flattered himself he could return when he should be so disposed, widely differed from Mrs. Howard's going far away, without his being acquainted with her intentions, or informed when she would return; and accompanied too by the very person he most disapproved of. Any other would have caused him less anxiety;—he felt an antipathy to that man!

The word *gone* therefore—pronounced by the good fat housekeeper, whose flat, contented

tone of voice uttered it with the same indifference that she would have done had she been superintending the important manufacture of jellies, or any thing within her ministry—sank into his heart, as though it had been his death-knell. That one word had struck desolation to his heart! He was more than alone! He stood a solitary being in this world!—She was gone!

He remained as if rooted to the spot for some time, and then turned unconsciously from the chapel, whither he had been going, and passing through the small door near the pantry, mentioned by Joseph, proceeded in the direction of Netherwood. It would be impossible to describe the agonies which racked the heart of the unhappy man as he entered the grounds, and proceeded slowly towards the house, where all was silent and motionless. Each tree, each walk, seemed to remind him of some feeling,

some word, some thought of her, who embellished every thing she approached.

One of the drawing-room windows had been opened to give air to the apartment. He entered by it, and flinging himself on a couch, indulged in deep, poignant, absorbing grief.

Meanwhile, the worthy Joseph did the honours of the abbey, and showed all its marvels to the wondering housekeeper.

"It is a princely place indeed," said Mrs. Davenport, as she surveyed the great marble hall, and ascended one of the staircases conducting to the eastern gallery; "worthy of noble masters! And this is the picture-gallery! What a pity, what a thousand pities, Mr. Marston hasn't a son, and that he should have made himself a priest! He ought to have married again, and left a long line of successors to this noble house."

"It arn't at all clear," replied Joseph, "that

if he had married again, he would have had descendants. There is a prophecy concerning the owners of this abbey, which was made a long time ago, and it seems to have come to pass. It was foretold, that when an eagle from the north should alight at the abbey, the last male heir to the Marston family would refuse it admittance.

"It so happened that Mr. Marston, when a lad, was travelling in Scotland with his father, and, exploring the Scottish mountains, he had the good fortune to save the life of a young Highlander, who had nearly perished by losing his balance, whilst on the top of a high cliff, seeking an eagle's nest. The youth vowed him eternal gratitude; and some years after, when my master was married, he heard of it, and made the journey on foot from the Highlands to visit him, bringing with him a young eagle as a present.

"It was a stormy night, in the month of November (I remember it well), when the Highlander arrived at the abbey-gates. The wind was howling furiously, the rain beating violently; and the porter was loath to unbar the gates at so late an hour of night. My lady was in travail of Miss Eleanor, and the house was in consequence all in confusion and bustle,—all attending upon the poor lady, and hurrying backwards and forwards; and the porter called through the gates to enquire who came at such an unusual hour of night.

"The Highlander replied, that it was Fergus, with an eagle from the north.

"'Go your ways then,' said the porter, 'there's no need of eagles here, and I'll not be unbarring the gates at this time of night, and in such weather, for any such carrion.'

"Fergus called after him, but 'twas all in vain, and then he took to thumping at the

gates with all his might. My master, going to and fro, heard the knocking, and I told him what it was, and that the porter would not open the gates. Poor master was thinking of aught but eagles; my lady was shrieking piteously, and, says he, 'Stop the fellow's noise, and send him about his business.' We had hard to do, for the Highlander would not take an answer; but howsomdever he went away at last, growling like a mastiff.

"My lady was just then delivered of a daughter, and died towards morning. * *

"It was some time after—nay, many months I think—when I minded me of the eagle and the prophecy; and then sure enough, says I, there it is fulfilled; and so indeed thought many. It was when my master became a priest, that some of our neighbours bethought them of the prophecy; you warn't here at that time, Mrs. Davenport, or you would have

heard it said;—but come this way, and I'll show you the picture-gallery."

This gallery, in the time that the monks inhabited the abbey, had been used as the state-room, and was opened only on very solemn and great occasions, when some abbot of importance, or traveller of rank, visited the superior of the monastery.

Much magnificence had been displayed, according to the taste of the age when it was constructed, in its decorations; and fretted wood-work, of Gothic design, ornamented the upper part of the walls. The ceiling was also carved and embellished in the same style. The casements, in deep recesses, were of very large dimensions; and the small panes of glass, fitted into tin frame-work, still subsisted in primitive integrity. Rude and unskilful paintings ornamented these deep recesses; but their antiquity had given them a sort of merit, which

had obtained for them the permission of remaining untouched.

Three large fire-places, at some distance from each other, warmed this gallery. They also formed deep recesses, of the same dimensions as the windows; and so large, that several persons could sit inside of them on either side, without experiencing inconvenient heat from the fires. Rich carvings, of dark-coloured wood, ornamented the fronts of these chimneys; along the walls, on either side between the recesses of the windows and fire-places, were ranged the portraits of the different owners of the abbey, rudely or skilfully limned, according to the epoch at which they were painted.

It was in this gallery that Joseph was always most eloquent in his account, which he never curtailed, of the family he served. Here the pride of ancestry seemed almost to extend it-

self to him: he felt as vain of the heroes who had, from time to time, added lustre to the genealogical tree, as though his own blood was derived from them.

He would make his auditors pause with reverence before the portrait of the first founder of the abbey, a descendant of a Norman baron, who came over to England with William the Conqueror; although nothing was to be remarked beyond a very black, indistinct painting of an old man, with a long beard. Two or three dozen abbots, ranged side by side, in succession after him, equally received his homage. His very voice was adapted to the solemnity of his manner: he spoke slowly and distinctly; and a pause of more than usual length invariably marked the importance of a warrior, clad in armour, with a terrible frowning aspect, occupying a space alone, in the centre of the gallery.

Sir Hildebrand Marston was a peculiar favourite with Joseph: it was through him that the abbey had descended in direct line to his master; and he had been a warrior and a hero. Knighted on the field of battle of Marston Moor by Prince Rupert, at an early hour of the day, while fortune smiled on the Royalist party, and that valorous deeds seemed to promise success to their cause,—Sir Hildebrand, nephew to the reigning abbot of Marston, had, with his followers, a body of stout-hearted peasants, repulsed various attacks of the Presbyterian forces on the abbey, and had sprung to the rescue of Prince Rupert, when he had suddenly been surrounded by the enemy, in a charge of their cavalry, his horse having been killed under him. Sir Hildebrand dismounted, and gave his own charger to the prince, dealing, at the same time, such stalwart blows to the right and left as opened a passage for him,

and secured his own safety. The prince knighted him on the spot.

The monastery having been abandoned by the monks, and their abbot murdered, Sir Hildebrand took possession of the abbey, as being the lineal heir; and from that time it had ceased to be an ecclesiastical establishment.

"Pray, Mr. Joseph," said Mrs. Davenport, who had listened to him with apparent attention, while her eye had wandered to other pictures, which seemed to promise more interest to her. "Pray, whose picture is that young man's, by the side of the chimney, dressed in a curious fashion; he has a very pretty face, and seems to be quite young?"

"What the one four off from Sir Hildebrand, where there are all sorts of things in the picture,—a priest tied to a stake at a distance, and a young woman doing penance?"

"Yes, that is the one I mean; there must be some curious history belonging to it."

"Indeed there is; and if you have a mind to know it I can tell it to you; for I have heard my master tell my lady—poor soul, now dead and gone!—the whole story, some time after their marriage.

"That young man was the youngest son of Mr. Marston's great grandfather; he was only eighteen years of age when he entered the army, and served with much distinction on the Continent. He was in the Russian army, and rose to a high rank in the service. Upon one occasion, he had been sent, with a party of troops, to disperse some rioters in a village a few miles from Moscow. As he passed through that town, he saw by accident the daughter of an old Russian prince, who resided on his estate, with much splendour and

dignity, near Moscow. This old prince was a great tyrant, and kept his vassals in great awe of him: he had numbers of villages surrounding his estates, and many hundred slaves who peopled them.

"His time was almost entirely spent in hunting the wild boar, an amusement he was very fond of; and he never saw any company. It was very seldom that he went to Moscow; but it so chanced that business had occasioned his going there, and taking his daughter along with him, at the same time that young Mr. Marston was sent there with his troops. The young man saw the prince's daughter, as she descended from a sort of covered cart, the only conveyance in that country, I have heard master say, for the great and rich, on account of the rough and bad roads. The young officer became suddenly enamoured of her; and not knowing how to be further acquainted with

her, and being a high-spirited character, he ventured on a plan, fraught with much danger. He ascertained that in the prince's establishment the major-domo, or chamberlain, had lately died, and had not as yet been replaced. He disguised himself, and went to the old chief's castle, and offered himself to be his chamberlain. His manners pleased the prince, and he was accepted. He thus saw the young lady constantly, and had many opportunities of declaring his passion, which met with a return. They were obliged, however, to be very cautious, as discovery might cost the lives of both of them; and they generally met when the prince was out hunting.

"On one occasion, the latter announced that he should be absent at the chace several days; and, as soon as he was gone, the young lady invited her lover to her chamber. There was no other entrance to this apartment than an

outward stair-case and door. They had not been long together, when, to their terror and confusion, the prince returned, having changed his mind, and given up the chace.

"They heard the hounds barking, and the bugles sounding, and presently saw through the window the prince ascending the stair-case leading to their room. No time was left for flight or retreat; reflection even was impossible; and no other resource occurred to them than for the young man to conceal himself in a large trunk, in which furs were kept. The prince was in an unusual good humour, and remained with his daughter a considerable time, telling stories, smoking his pipe, and occasionally dozing; while his daughter was in an agony of terror,—for he had sat down, as ill luck would have it, on that very trunk!

"At last, he withdrew; she hastened immediately to the trunk to release her lover; but

to her horror, on lifting the lid of the case, she saw him breathless, motionless, dead!

"She fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered from her swoon, the daylight was fast receding; and her perplexity became extreme, how to conceal and bury her unfortunate lover. After some reflection, she determined to confide herself to a slave who had been born on the estate, and to whom she had occasionally shown some kindness. She offered him gold if he would assist her; and the bribe, glittering before his eyes, decided him to consent to her demand, and furthermore, to promise inviolable secrecy.

"When all were retired to rest in the castle, he entered her chamber, and taking the lifeless body on his shoulders, carried it down to the river, and threw it in.

"The possession of gold, to one who had never owned any thing beyond a coarse coat

and wooden pipe, was too dangerous. He spent it with profusion, in drinking in the public-houses, till he became in a state bordering on madness. He forgot his promises of secrecy, he forgot the danger to which he exposed his benefactress; and boasted publicly to his drunken companions, of his mistress's favour and protection; adding, that she did not dare refuse him any thing he desired her to do.

"The public-house, to which he mostly resorted, and which was situated in a village adjoining the prince's castle, was held by Jews, who coveted the wealth of which the slave boasted. His vaunting awakened their suspicion as to the source from whence he drew it; and they laid a plan to make him betray further, by stimulating him with liquors; hoping, when once in possession of his secret, to become sharers in his riches.

"They then taunted him, pretending to dis-

believe his assertions, until he offered to lay a wager, that he would invite his young mistress to come and drink a glass of brandy with him in the public-house, and that she would not refuse. His wager was accepted, and a message conveyed to the castle; when, to the astonishment of the Jews and the peasants assembled, in a few minutes, she appeared.

"She concealed the fears the boor had awakened in her mind, and with much grace, assured the persons present, that to give pleasure to so faithful a servant as the one who had invited her, she had granted his request, and was ready to pledge him in a glass of brandy. She added, that to give a further proof of her kindness and interest for him and his friends, she would treat all those assembled, including the host and hostess to as much brandy as they chose to drink.

"The calculation she had made was soon

justified. A short time sufficed to intoxicate them all; and she withdrew with caution, and concealed herself in the wood near the cabin till the night came on.

"The cabins of the peasants are built of wood; their articles of furniture few and clumsy; neatness or cleanliness is scarcely known; they hardly use other light than that issuing from the fires in the centre of their huts, round which they sit, and smoke, and drink, and sleep. The public-house, however, being one of general resort, had more attempt at luxury; and a candle was stuck through the chinks of wood near the small casement, to illuminate the room.

"When all was hushed in the cabin, and excess of intoxication had rendered them all in a state of insensibility, the lady stole from her retreat, and taking the candle from the

window, set fire to the house, which blazed in a few minutes; and all the inmates were burnt to ashes. * * * * * *

"A short time after this event, the old prince fell dangerously ill. He sent for a Greek priest, to whom he confessed himself, and died. His daughter was present at his death. The awful scene struck her conscience; and she was filled with remorse at the recollection of the horrible deed she had done; so that she asked to confess herself to the same priest, who had received her father's confession.

"She unburthened her mind to him; but her narration was of so dreadful a nature, that the priest was horror-struck; and the recollection of it weighed on his mind, and affected his spirits.

"In the night-time, he was heard talking to himself in much agitation. His wife became

alarmed, and questioned him earnestly as to the cause of his trouble ; but he resisted her importunities.

" By degrees, she got together different portions of the dreadful story, from the broken phrases which escaped him in his agitated sleep; and she accused and upbraided him as the author of the crimes, by which he was so terribly affected. In short, she succeeded in drawing from him the details, which had been confided to him ; and partaking then all his feelings, urged him to denounce the murderess, and declare the whole to the magistrates. This he positively refused her ; the laws against betraying a confession being extremely severe, and particularly in the Greek church.

" His wife, indignant that such crimes should not meet with the severest punishment, ignorant of the consequences of her indiscretion, and urged on by a fatal zeal for justice, then took

the matter into her own hands; and without informing any one of her intentions, went to Moscow and declared all she knew to the magistrates.

"The young lady's estates were forfeited to government. She was secluded for life; and the priest was tied to a stake and burnt alive, for having betrayed the sacred secrets of confession."

"What a frightful story!" ejaculated Mrs. Davenport; "it makes one's hair to stand on end. How came the picture, which represents it, to be painted?"

"The young man's father," replied Joseph, learned most of the particulars of his son's death, from the British merchants, who happened to be in Moscow at the time of the execution of the Greek priest; and he caused the picture to be painted, to record the tragical history."

Joseph continued his account of the various

portraits of the Marston family, relating many curious anecdotes concerning them; and was still (so agreeably to himself) engaged, when the sound of horses' hoofs in the avenue, required his presence at the great gates, to unbar them for the unusual event of the entrance of a visiter. This was no other than Dr. Carlton, who, according to a promise he had made to Mrs. Howard, was come to call on Marston, and offer his ministry if required.

"I think my master is in the park, sir,' said Joseph, after seeking him in the library and chapel; "his favourite walk is the avenue leading to the moor."

"Well, then, I will return to Wetherby by that road, and shall probably meet him," said the doctor.

Joseph observed to him, that the avenue he alluded to, only conducted to the moor, from

which there was a foot-path to the village of Netherwood.

"If you then wish to gain the high-road to Wetherby, you must please to cross the park to Netherwood."

"I am going home there, sir," said Mrs. Davenport; "if you please, I will show you the way."

"Oh! good Mrs. Davenport," said little Eleanor, who had heard the offer the latter had made, from the gallery where she still remained, while the fat housekeeper had moved on to make the offer; "take me with you; I shall see my dear mamma; pray, take me."

The doctor heard little Eleanor's voice, and instantly called out, "Come along, little lady, you shall take the walk with us, not excepting Mrs. Betty, who, I dare say, will not object to such a ramble."

The party, thus arranged, set off in a few minutes; the little girl hurrying her nurse to equip her for the walk with fluttering impatience.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAMLET.—"If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." SHAKSPEARE.

"How are we tortured with the absence of what we covet to possess, when it appears lost to us! What excursions does the soul make in imagination after it; and how does it turn into itself again, more foolishly fond and dejected at the disappointment! Our grief, instead of having recourse to reason, which might restrain it, searches to find a further nourishment. It calls upon memory, to relate the several passages and circumstances of satisfaction which we formerly enjoyed." DOCTOR PARNELL.

WE must go back in our narrative a few days, to the one on which Mrs. Howard left

Netherwood with Captain Harris and her son. The town of Wetherby was all in commotion, at the unusual event of a travelling carriage and four passing through it; and many were the conjectures concerning the travellers. Where they were going!—why they were going! &c. A short mile before arriving at the town, as the carriage drove up to Dr. Carlton's door, and Mrs. Howard alighted, leaving Captain Harris in the carriage, the surmises of some of the inhabitants of the house were not less in number, and infinitely less charitable.

Mrs. Howard was pale, and agitated, with the various emotions the late events had occasioned; and she desired the servant to request that Dr. Carlton would receive her in his study. There, she told him of Marston's miserable state of health and spirits, without acknowledging that she was aware of the

cause; and she intreated him to watch over the unhappy man, and render him every assistance in his power.

The good doctor solemnly promised to fulfil her wishes to the utmost of his ability; and zealously offered those services, which his interest for Marston would have led him to perform spontaneously. She then took leave of him, and, as he attended her to the carriage, acquainted him with the object of her present journey.

The latter part of her communication did not reach the watchful ears of Mrs. Carlton, but the first unhappily did. She also reconnoitred the carriage from the window, and saw, distinctly saw, a stranger in it! She also heard the doctor pronounce the words *Captain Harris*, as he bowed into the carriage; and there was food sufficient for her malevolent

soul, and ample matter for much gossip and scandal. The following week she arrived at Miss Wilson's door, with a triumphant smile.

"Well, my dear Miss Wilson, our neighbourhood does not lack incident. Here is our fair neighbour of Netherwood actually gone off, in a coach and four, with Mr. Marston's rival! She came last week to my house, begging the doctor to take care of her discarded lover, and console him forsooth. It is really abominable of the doctor to countenance such proceedings. You know he does not condescend to confide any thing to me; but happily I have ears; and I am determined he shall not bring shame on my house, by conniving at such flagrant misconduct. My only embarrassment is how to thwart him, for I know him. He ordered his horses an hour ago, and I am certain he is now gone to see this sinful priest; nay, he would have been with him a

full week ago, when Mrs. Howard was so obliging as to select him for this honourable service, if his saddle-horse had not been lame; for you may well suppose he would not venture to borrow my carriage; he knew too well I should have refused him. Do council me, Miss Wilson, how to stop the continuation of this scandal."

"Indeed, I feel for you, my dear madam," replied her worthy confidante, "to have your husband made a tool of by such an artful woman; but really, I always say, there is no folly of which a man is not capable; and, for my part, none of them shall ever have it in their power to pass their tricks on me. I bless my stars, I am aware of them: but you are tied and bound, and must needs drag on the chain and load to the last. You ask me advice, which is really very difficult to give. I see but one way to put an end to this infamy,

and that would be very disagreeable to you. It would be to speak to Mr. Marston, and tell him not to trouble your family with his impertinent and disgusting distresses."

"Indeed, I believe you are right, Miss Wilson, "there is nothing like plain dealing; and if you will accompany me, for I do not care to encounter the man alone, we will drive to Netherwood, where I understand he resides, and I will settle these scandalous proceedings at once. There is a carriage-road, I believe, as far as the village of Netherwood. We can make our inquiries there, and proceed accordingly."

"Nothing will be so easy," replied Miss Wilson; "close to the village, is one of the park-gates opening on the moor; and we can thus cross the park to the house."

Every thing being thus settled, the well-

assorted friends set out upon their charitable visit.

Marston was still sitting on the same couch, on which he had flung himself on entering the drawing-room at Netherwood. His head had sunk on his breast, his two hands were pressed on his forehead, and his thoughts so intense and abstracted, that he neither heard the approach of horses, nor was aware of the entrance of Dr. Carlton into the room.

The doctor, pursuing his walk, accompanied by Eleanor, her nurse, and Mrs. Davenport, had reached the gates of Netherwood-park; and here the little girl intreated so earnestly to be allowed to go up to the house, and seemed so unhappy at the refusal of a wish, which, after all, was so natural, that he had consented to her request; and she ran on, with the nimbleness of a roe, till she reached the lawn

fronting the house; when near the open window of the drawing-room, she halted for the rest of the party to join her, and then bounded into the room, without looking to the right or left.

Mrs. Betty, however, caught a glance of Marston's figure, and pulling the child by her frock, made her a sign, and drew her out of the room, before Marston was roused from the deep reverie in which he was plunged. His mind had been a chaos of agitating thoughts: now his crushed heart resigned itself to passive suffering; and now he chafed with anger at himself, for his rashness, his precipitancy, which had caused all his misery.

"And she had urged me to delay, and reflection; she intreated me to retard the fatal vow; and I was mad enough not to listen to her!"

Then suddenly his rage turned towards his supposed rival. "Yes, it was evident that she

encouraged the addresses of that self-sufficient, impertinent coxcomb! Else would she have received him with such warmth; would she have set off with him at a few hours' notice: the taking her son with her was evidently a mere blind. She had then carried on this intrigue by letter, since the last visit he had made, at the time he (Marston) was ill. Oh, it was clear, perfectly clear; the report of the villagers, which Joseph had repeated to him at that time, was quite correct. Could she be so false, so deceitful? Could she thus conceal her feelings, and her secret; and witness his love, his sufferings, with a cold, indifferent eye? No, no!" he thought again, "she does not love him; I injure her by supposing it. That Captain Harris loves her I do not doubt; it is very evident; but she does not share his passion!"

Then again his mind's eye glanced on his

present condition,—the future seemed to be reflected as in a mirror. It was but momentary; but he recoiled with terror. "Yes, I have damned myself for her! My soul is condemned to endless tortures; while torments, worse than the flames of hell, consume me now."—Satan had grasped his victim! The fever of his brain hurried him to thoughts of deep and damning guilt. "No; if all is lost of futurity for me, I am a fool to endure further misery. Now at least I will enjoy, if suffering awaits me hereafter!——She shall be mine!"——and then a glare of joy flashed in his eyes, and his heart throbbed with anticipated passion and enjoyment. He raised his head, and his eye fell on her picture, which was facing him. "Lovely, adored Louisa; yes, I will strain you to my heart: the ardent fire which consumes me shall pass into thy bosom. Thou shalt calm my madness; thy gentle na-

ture shall teach my turbulent one to become like thine;" and his head sank into its former position.

It was at this moment that Dr. Carlton entered the room, having heard the nurse tell Eleanor that her papa was there, and might not like to be disturbed. He remained a few minutes, contemplating the agitated countenance of the unhappy Marston; and finding that he was so lost in thought, as not to be aware of his presence, coughed once or twice, to draw his attention. Marston started, and looked up; and the expression of his eyes instantly changed from melancholy to a degree of irritation and anger, for which the doctor was little prepared.

"I am afraid I have disturbed your meditations, Mr. Marston," he said, drawing, at the same time, a chair near to the couch on which the former was reclining; "I have been seek-

ing you at the abbey, and chance makes me find you here."

"It is a happy chance, no doubt," said Marston, ironically; "a most happy chance for me."

"You look angry with me, Mr. Marston; have I been so unfortunate as to offend you?"

"No, sir," replied Marston, endeavouring to recover his composure, "far from it. I am under obligations to you, which the generality of mankind consider great. Had it been my fate to have known you under other circumstances than those in which you found me, I should have echoed this opinion with gratitude and fervour. You restored me to life, when I was about to shake off that dreadful burthen; and life is considered so precious by almost all, that I ought to be bounden to you for ever for this supposed service: yet far from feeling grateful to you, I could load you with reproaches, but

for the good intentions under which you acted. Oh, could I have died then!——Now I cannot look to that event as a relief!"

Dr. Carlton was not of a very tender nature; yet there was so much suffering in the voice and in the manner of Marston, and something so inexplicable in his last phrase, that he felt a sensation, amounting to tears, which seemed to choke him.

"It shocks me to witness your unhappiness; at the same time, you merit much blame. Why not endeavour to shake off this morbid state of feeling, instead of encouraging it? Rouse yourself, if but for a moment, to consider your grief, as a stranger would look on it. You love a most deserving, delightful woman, I allow; but you may not love. Then, surely, you have strength of character sufficient to chace the thought from you. Turn your mind to some other interest; endeavour to forget her; and

do not undermine your strength, and destroy your peace of mind, in such a useless, wretched manner. Strive to turn your thoughts into an entirely new channel. Since you cannot endure the presence of danger, why not fly from it? Why not travel on the continent? There, nothing would remind you of her; and the total change of scene might do more for you than all the reasoning in the world."

Marston listened to him in silence; and continued looking at him with an earnest stare, when he had ceased speaking.

The doctor had, indeed, directed his thoughts into another channel; but not in the manner he had intended. The excited mind of Marston followed up a thought which struck him suddenly; not towards destroying the one constantly occupying him, but in support of it. "Yes, if he travelled——to Rome——to obtain from the Pope absolution from his vows!"

He stared wildly, while these thoughts tumultuously rushed across his mind, with that rapidity, with which, time, space, events, and arguments, are crowded into fleeting minutes. At last he said eagerly to the doctor,

"You are right; I ought to travel—you are quite right. How did I not think of this?"

There was a degree of wildness in his manner which did not quite satisfy the doctor; and assuming the authoritative tone, with which medical men sometimes treat their patients, he said,

"Let me feel your pulse, and judge if you are in a state to travel."

The pulse was throbbing with great violence.

"Let me advise you to return home for the moment," he said; "we will walk together, if you please, and we can mature these plans on our way."

Marston allowed himself to be conducted by

the doctor, who desired his groom to follow him with his horses to the abbey ; and proceeded slowly with his charge, who, he began to fear, was beyond his control.

" Your advice is most excellent, doctor, and I will follow it forthwith."

" The doctor, who was not acquainted with his motives for approving of his counsel, thought that it was with a view of endeavouring to conquer his fatal passion ; and began to anticipate vain hopes of seeing him one day restored to tranquillity.

" I am much pleased to find you intend to adopt it, and I hope you will instantly occupy yourself with the necessary preparations for a long journey. What countries do you feel disposed to visit ? "

" Countries ! " said Marston, seemingly astonished; " why there is only one Pope that I am aware of, and he resides at Rome."

The poor doctor began to be alarmed, and in his turn stared at his patient; but saw no signs of increase of agitation, beyond what he had already witnessed; and after a pause, he said;—

"Oh! you would wish to go to Rome! true, it is the classic city, and replete with interest. The churches and public edifices will be objects of the greatest possible interest to you."

"I shall not go near one, if I can help it," said Marston, passionately.

"Indeed!" said the doctor, again at fault. "The arts and sciences will then be your pursuit?"

"Doctor," said Marston, "either you are bantering me, which, allow me to say, is very ill-timed mirth, or you do not understand me, which seems to me to be impossible."

The doctor began to look very grave, as he answered;

"I have never been considered a banterer,

Mr. Marston; and the interest I have taken in your sorrows, should have shielded me from such an accusation. I give you my word, I do not now understand you. I thought you had been disposed to adopt an idea I had ventured to suggest to you,—that of travelling on the continent, by way of relieving your harassed spirits; but, I suppose, I am mistaken."

"Not in the least, sir, not in the least. I thank you sincerely for all your kind interest, and approve so much of your advice, that it is my intention instantly to follow it; and if I can obtain the consent of the Holy See, shall perhaps live to bless you for your very wise counsel and friendship."

He said this with much warmth and affection, which diminished, in a degree, the alarm the doctor was disposed to feel; for he was convinced his sorrows had driven him mad, and

was anxious to see him safely housed in the abbey.

"I do indeed trust, that a year or two passed in foreign countries, may be of essential service to your spirits; and I shall be rejoiced to learn, that you have commenced your pilgrimage."

"Yes, it shall be a pilgrimage; but I trust not one of two years' lasting," said Marston, cheeringly.

"I am glad to hear you say, that less time will suffice to eradicate this unhappy passion from your heart."

"Eradicate!" shouted Marston; you have but a very weak opinion of my sentiments, if you conclude, that the attainment of my ardent wishes will be the eradication of them."

It was in vain that the doctor endeavoured to steer clear; he was only more and more

convinced of the unhappy state of his friend's mind; and was much perplexed how to answer him in a satisfactory manner. They walked on some minutes in silence, which was at last broken by Marston's saying,

"Examples are not wanting of the Pope's concession in such cases."

"Certainly not," replied the doctor.

"All would then be happily settled, for I should no longer struggle against my conscience."

"Most true," said the doctor.

"I cannot for a moment suppose that she would refuse her consent?"

"Oh, by no means."

"Oh, doctor! I shall again know happiness, after such long misery; and all owing to your kindness and advice."

"It will make me very happy to find it so."

"Will you be my advocate with her during my absence?"

"Certainly."

"I may count on your friendship to dispose her to listen to me?"

"You may depend upon me."

"Then I shall wait her return, and obtain her consent, previous to setting off. When will she return?"

"I don't know."

"Tell me truly, doctor; what has been the motive of her journey?"

"Whose?" said his companion.

"Whose! why Mrs. Howard's, to be sure?"

"Oh!"——

Just then they reached the gate of the park opening on the moor, and the doctor started slightly on seeing Mrs. Carlton and Miss Wilson, who had alighted from their carriage, and

were in deep conversation with Mrs. Betty, accompanied by Eleanor. The former, when she had withdrawn the little girl from the drawing-room window, on perceiving Marston, whom she greatly feared, had proceeded to Mrs. Davenport's room, "to rest a bit," as she said; but in truth, to indulge in a little gossip, previously to returning to her dull residence. Mrs. Betty had formerly lived with Mrs. Carlton as housemaid, and was consequently well known to that lady. When the gossip in the housekeeper's room was ended, the nurse and Eleanor proceeded on their return to the abbey, and were just at the park gate, as the two amiable ladies arrived.

"Did I not tell you, Miss Wilson, that Mr. Marston resided here? See, there is his daughter taking a walk with her nurse. I know the young woman; she was formerly a servant of

mine. Suppose we stop her, and question her a little."

This was quite convenient; so the ladies quitted the carriage, and beckoned Mrs. Betty to draw near.

"So, Betty, you are nurse to Mr. Marston's daughter, I suppose?" How long have you been in his family?"

"Only a few days, ma'am," said Mrs. Betty; "I have been with Mrs. Howard, taking care of Miss Eleanor, five years; but it is only within a few days we have removed to Marston Abbey."

The two old ladies exchanged very significant glances.

"What! I suppose, since Mrs. Howard's elopement with her new admirer?"

"Ma'am!" said Mrs. Betty, a little astonished.

"I said, I suppose since Mrs. Howard went off with a navy captain. Are you deaf, young woman?"

"I believe, ma'am," said Betty, "mistress is gone to take young master to his ship with Captain Harris, who is going to take him to sea."

"I dare say they said so, my good girl," said Miss Wilson, bridling and smiling. "Always make a good story out, when you do as you shouldn't do."

"It is really terrible," said Mrs. Carlton, turning to Miss Wilson, "that such examples of the frailty of our sex should be brought into our neighbourhood."

"But why," replied Miss Wilson, "should she have taken the trouble of going off? That, I confess, I cannot understand. For she had no husband to control her actions, and she might surely have stayed at home and followed her fancies."

"You forget that she had another lover before, and it was to get rid of him that she went off with Captain——I don't know what they call him. I know all this for certain, for she called at my house, and told Dr. Carlton the whole story, and even begged of him to go and see Mr. Marston, and bring him by degrees to be reconciled to her loss. Now you will allow, my dear madam, that this is very hardened conduct; and that it is putting Dr. Carlton to very dishonourable work, and indeed, what I can neither approve nor allow. I heard him promise Mrs. Howard, that he would take a circuitous manner of beginning, in order that Mr. Marston might not suspect him. I really feel for Mr. Marston in all this; for she has used him cruelly. And yet, I can by no means approve of his conduct, for it is quite infamous. A priest! a holy man! fie, fie!"

Mrs Betty, for whom all this was spoken, (as Mrs. Carlton often made use of such humble means, for conveying an indirect message, or spreading a malicious tale,) began to be much confused. She had always considered Mrs. Howard as a pattern of virtue and goodness, and it was not in a minute that she could adopt convictions of a totally opposite nature; yet she felt it was true, Mrs. Howard was gone with Captain Harris and her son; that she and her little charge had been removed quite suddenly and inexplicably from what they considered their home; and she recollected the embarrassed look of the two, which she had witnessed the day when Marston returned to the abbey. She remembered too, how angry and terrible he had looked, on his way to his own home: and the fierce tone of his voice and manner, when he told her that she was to remain at the abbey, and not return to Nether-

wood any more. She also thought on a remark of Joseph's "that there must have been a rumpus or snmmut, for master to be so strange;" and all this passed through her mind with rapidity, whilst the old ladies went on talking to each other.

"Poor little girl" said Mrs. Carlton, affecting sensibility, as she looked at Eleanor, "it is a sad thing to have such a father, and be surrounded by such people."

It was just then that Dr. Carlton and Marston issued forth from the gates, and came full in front of the two ladies.

The doctor would have receded, had he been in time; for he felt that his better half would find food for gossip in so trifling an incident as his being seen walking in Netherwood park with Mr. Marston. Little did he know of how much gossip he had been the innocent cause.

Marston, who knew neither of the ladies by

sight, and was entirely engrossed with the new plan which he had formed, came up to them, and would have passed them, without further notice than a slight bow, but for the shrill voice which addressed his companion, and grated on his ear with unpleasant discordance.

"So here you are," said Mrs. Carlton to the doctor, without noticing Marston, or returning his salutation; "I thought you knew that Mrs. Howard was gone away: surely you can't have forgotten it; for she came to see you on her way, accompanied by her fine gallant. I assure you, if you have so short a memory, you have only to walk through Wetherby, where every body is talking of the elopement, and the tender looks the loving couple gave each other, as they drove side by side, as though they were already man and wife, which, for the sake of morals, I hope they will soon be."

"Certainly, I ought to say amen to your pious hope," said the doctor, "wishing, as I do, Mrs. Howard all the happiness she deserves. I, in particular, ought to desire her to re-enter the matrimonial state, from the experience I have of its blessedness."

"Of course," retorted Mrs. Carlton, "you will recommend her to select for her husband a man with little fortune, that he may enjoy hers, and treat her as some people I know treat their wives."

"Pray," said Miss Wilson, primming, but speaking, as she began to fear an explosion of her friend's choler; "pray, ma'am, is this lady going to be married, did you say?"

"Oh, ma'am, I am not sufficiently acquainted with her secrets to be able to answer you that question. You should ask my husband, who is frequently closeted with her; she never condescends to come and see me; she is fonder

of the society of men than of women, not excepting men of holy calling, if report says true, which you will allow speaks in favour of her morals; though, from all I hear, one cannot commend her as much for her constancy."

"Woman," said Marston, trembling from anger and conflicting emotions, "how dare you slander innocence and virtue? How dare you even breathe a name, fit only to be pronounced by lips as pure as her own."

"What?" said the vixen sneering. "Are you her champion? Will you chant her praise for virtue, without practising it yourself? Do you suppose I don't know you, Mr. Marston, and all the country round, for twenty miles? I came on purpose to see you, and, now that I have found you, shall tell you my mind. Be so good as to leave off enveigling that man (pointing to her husband), who used to be an honourable one, to listen to your scandalous

amours,—thus making him a partner in your infamous conduct,—or I will expose you both to the whole county as you deserve."

"Come along," said the doctor, pulling Marston forcibly away, while his voice trembled with concentrated passion, which he felt very much disposed to wreak on his odious wife. "Come along; the day would not be long enough, were we to listen to the scandal and impertinence of Mrs. Carlton. Let her take care of her own reputation; I promise you, she has made herself one which I should be very sorry to share!"

"Ah!" said the poor Benedict, when they had moved on a few paces in silence, "women contrive to make one wretched, in more ways than one. When they are amiable and lovely, they make us sigh for them; when they are like my dame, they make us regret ever to have known them; I believe, fair or ugly, good or

bad, virtuous or frail, they are Satan's own creatures on earth.

"And therefore draw one to perdition," said Marston.

"Aye, truly, nine times in ten!"

"My mistress desires me to say, sir," said the servant, who had been standing near the carriage all the time, and was now sent running after the doctor; "my mistress desires me to say (grinning as he spoke) that it is getting late, and that she is returning home; and that you will be too late, if you don't come too, as there is company to dinner."

The doctor muttered something like an oath, from vexation; and looking more apologies than he ventured to express, for quitting his friend so abruptly, parted with him, promising to return next day, and talk over the new scheme.

Marston motioned an adieu to the doctor,

and walked rapidly on towards the abbey.—Wretched man! it was in vain he sought relief by locomotion; he carried with him the fire which consumed his brain, and tortured his soul.

Mrs. Betty returned to the abbey with Eleanor, soon after the arrival of Marston: it was getting late, as Mrs. Carlton had observed, and the little girl's supper was hurried and over sooner than usual, her attendant being very impatient to descend to the pantry, and have a little talk with Mr. Joseph. She felt herself of more importance than usual: she had a budget of news to relate to the old man.

"There, my dear," she said, putting Eleanor to bed; "now go to sleep, like a good child, and we'll be up by times to-morrow;" and she hurried down to the pantry. "So, Mr. Joseph, here's strange goings on! Master gone

mad for love! and mistress gone off with a captain."

"Nonsense, nonsense," grumbled Joseph, "who has been stuffing your head with such a pack of stories? Master's neither mad, nor in love either with any body; he has got other things to think of."

"That's neither here nor there, Mr. Joseph; I knows what I knows, and its none of our sort as told me. I tell you, master's gone jealous-mad! Didn't you mind him, the day as he comed here; the air with which he spoke. 'Betty,' says he (quite tragedy-like), 'you'll go no more to Netherwood!'—and then he looked just so, and crossed his arms; and says you to me, just after, 'There's been a rumpus, or I'm mistaken.' Well, there *has* been a rumpus; and all Wetherby's talking about it. Mistress is to be married to put all straight; and she's to marry the captain, and then he wo'n't take

young master to sea; and so all will be settled; and that's what vexes master so."

"Now, Mrs. Betty, do you suppose that I shouldn't know all this, if it was true; arn't I master's old servant; and do you think that had he been in all this trouble, he would not have told me? Besides, master's a Romish priest, and to be in love with any one would be a mortal sin."

"Then the more shame for him," said Betty, "for I'll never disbelieve what I have been told from such good authority."

Joseph stoutly defended the honour of his master, although he believed there was some truth in what she said.

"Now mind me, Mrs. Betty, it's no good to be speaking ill of our master; and you, afore every one, should not spread reports to his prejudice, for you have always been kindly treated; so just never speak again of what you have

been saying, which I don't believe, and nobody else will."

"That's not so certain," said Mrs. Betty, flouting; "I suppose when you hear the bells ringing at Wetherby, and the bans being published; I suppose you'll believe then; and indeed I hope that will be very soon, for between you and I, Mr. Joseph, I don't care to serve any one with a bad reputation. It does no good to an honest young woman; besides, as to being moped as I am here, I'd just as lief be buried: so, when Mrs. Howard is married, I shall seek a sitivation with her; and master may get a Romish woman to wait on Miss Eleanor, if he likes it."

"Now hold your tongue, you silly ape," said Joseph; "here's master going by, and I'd like to hear you holding such language before him."

"Would you," said Betty; but, at the same time, she lowered her voice, and returned to

little Eleanor, resolving however to consult some one before she took the important step of giving warning.

Joseph ruminated on what she had said, and felt something like conviction, the more he reflected; and, by the time Marston summoned him to attend in his dressing-room, he had worked himself up to the point of acquainting his master with a portion of his intelligence; prudently and carefully, however, resolving to suppress all that regarded him personally. Marston furnished him the means of beginning, by saying,—

"Joseph, would you like to travel abroad with me?"

The thought instantly struck the old man that his master was quitting the field on purpose, and he replied,—

"Wherever your honour chooses me to go, I will most willingly. Your honour, indeed,

could do no otherwise than take me along with you, seeing that I have been your servant, boy and man, five-and-thirty years, come Christmas. And, as for going abroad, and leaving my friends, why, I may almost say, I have none; seeing as I've buried 'em all,—and that I've no sweetheart, or woman, to say, 'Don't go!' Ah, sir," he added, shaking his head (having, as he thought, arrived most cleverly at the subject he wished to talk upon), "them women are mortal plagues! and so worrits one like, one never knows what they would be after; no, not the best on 'em. There's Mrs. Howard now, as is going to be married, one wouldn't have thoft she would have behaved so, all of a sudden."

"Behaved! how?" said Marston, with a thundering voice; "what do you know about the lady, or her behaviour?"

"Oh, sir, I only know what every body knows," said Joseph, frightened.

"And, pray, what may every body know?" said Marston, sternly.

"I can't say as they say any harm of her," said Joseph, trembling, "only——"

"Only, well!——"

"Only the bans are published at Wetherby, and the bells will be ringing next Sunday, and the captain as she marries has consented to not taking young master Harry to sea, on account of the marriage, and its been kept very snug all this time, and——"

"And, blockhead! who told you all this?"

"Its the talk of all the town," said Joseph, sullenly.

"Leave me," said Marston; and Joseph did not wait to be told twice.

"It is not possible!" thought Marston; and

yet her manner, the day he had seen them together, had displeased and perplexed him. How came it, too, that there should be so much gossip about her! He had heard it from different people. There must be some foundation for this rumour, thus suddenly spread abroad. The more he dwelt on the subject, the more circumstances seemed to confirm the report. This, if true, was indeed a dreadful overthrow of all his hopes, of all his plans. He had been solacing himself, since his return home, with the thought of the delight he should experience in declaring his sentiments to her; and never, for a moment, doubted the reception she would give this declaration. Then he would have set off immediately for Rome; he was as sure of the pope's consent as of hers: and he had continued his pleasing dream, until it was thus disagreeably disturbed by Joseph.

The following morning Dr. Carlton arrived at an early hour; and his first inquiries were about his rest, whilst he silently examined the countenance of his patient, which bore an expression of much irritation and unsettledness. The latter instantly asked him, how much truth there might be in his servant's gossip, corroborated as it had been by Mrs. Carlton, adding, "Should this be the case, all my dreams for the future are at an end."

"I have heard of no marriage," said the doctor; "but cannot see, my good friend, how such an event, supposing it was to be, would alter your plans."

"Most extraordinary reasoning," said Marston, "will you have the goodness to explain your meaning?"

"It seems to me to be very clear. If you succeed in turning your thoughts into some

other channel, and shaking off the fatal passion which is destroying you, it will be immaterial to you who she marries."

"And pray, sir, when did I intimate the possibility of such an event? or, rather, is not my intention of submitting my case to the pope, and getting his absolution from my vows, so as to obtain honorably the hand of the person to whom I am devotedly attached, the strongest proof of the depth and durability of my sentiments? How then are you for an instant to suppose, I can contemplate with patience the possibility of her being united to another?"

"Now then," said the doctor, after a pause, "I do understand you; and, I confess, that a less explicit declaration would have still left me in the dark.

"Now then you approve," said Marston, with alacrity.

"Approve," said the doctor, "hem——I hardly think that is the word."

"How!—what?"

"Our manner of viewing religious subjects is so different, that I believe it would be very difficult for us to meet and agree on any point connected with them. So opposed as I am to the nature of the vows pronounced by the Catholic priesthood, I am equally in opposition to their breaking them when once made. It seems to me, that a contract made with heaven cannot be dissolved on earth; and I cannot acknowledge the existence of any power, short of the Great One with whom you have contracted, who could authorize you to break your vows."

"What, not his representative on earth?"

"No! not a self-created representative, constitutedby laws of his own making, and vested with powers also self-derived!"

Here the discussion was open on fair grounds with either party; and all the beaten arguments of controversy might have again been brought forward, but Marston, weary of opposition to that on which he was resolved, broke suddenly off, and proposed a walk to his friend; avoiding, for the remainder of the time that he stayed with him, conversing on the subject nearest his thoughts.

Dr. Carlton saw that he was irritated, and therefore humoured him; and soon after they parted.

CHAPTER IX.

GHOST.——————"But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood." SHAKSPEARE.

MRS. HOWARD returned to Netherwood, in six weeks after her departure thence for Gravesend; and a fortnight passed subsequently without any remarkable event occurring. Her days

were marked by melancholy and monotony. Once or twice she drove to Wetherby to make purchases; on one of these occasions, she was surprised at Miss Wilson's not returning her salutation, as she passed her on the road entering the town, but thought little of the circumstance, supposing that the old lady had not seen her. Upon another occasion, she also met Mrs. Carlton, as she entered Jeremiah Esketh's shop; and that lady hurried out, without returning her curtsey, in so precipitate a manner, that she nearly fell in so doing. Mrs. Howard turned and looked after her, a little astonished; but was so little conscious that it was her presence which occasioned the flurry, that she again supposed accident was the cause of it; and consequently gave it no further thought.

The two friends would have been severely mortified, could they have supposed so little

effect had been produced by their malicious rudeness. The good Quaker had been more aware of the affront intended; and endeavoured, by his attention to his customer, to balance the proportion of civility she ought to have received in his shop.

"I am sorry to see thee look so pale! Art thou ailing? And is there ought I can offer thee? Surely, refreshment might do thee good."

Mrs. Howard thanked him for his kindness, and told him she had been parting with her son, and that she supposed the grief she felt had affected her looks.

"And, truly, it is enough to do so; thy son is a comely child, and Sarah hath often spoken to me of him;" and the good Quaker brushed the chair he offered her, and pulled a mat to place under her feet; and sought, by many little attentions, to prove his respect and esteem.

The walks which Mrs. Howard most carefully avoided were the moor, and the road leading to Marston Abbey. She feared to meet Marston. He, on his side, did not like to enquire of Joseph when she was expected to return, after the conversation he had had with him concerning her; and he walked almost daily to the gate of Netherwood-park, in the hope of ascertaining her arrival: but, after two months of suspense had thus passed, his impatience knew no bounds, and he ventured through the gates, and, entering the grounds, proceeded to the house.

The day was mild, the sun was shining with unusual brightness for the season, and Mrs. Howard was sitting at the open window of the drawing-room reading, when Marston approached. His resolution almost failed him when he saw her, and he stood in contemplation of her for some minutes.

A deep-drawn sigh relieved his bosom; and as he drew near to her, she raised her eyes. The moment she dreaded was arrived; and her colour rose high, as she attempted to look unembarrassed, and to receive him as formerly. Still there was constraint in her manner. In his, it was every thing by turns—fear, joy, embarrassment. He said several incoherent words, which she did not answer; but he looked, at the same time, the passion which he felt to the extreme extent of what was possible to be experienced.

There was such gentleness in his manner, she could not have received him unkindly; and she began enquiring after his health. He answered, but knew not what he answered: his thoughts were of her,—of how he should begin the subject which was to decide his future destiny.

She again endeavoured to assume unconcern,

and spoke of the weather, the wind; was it a favourable one for the Diamond to get down the channel?"

"I suppose so," said Marston, who knew nothing about it.

"I have had a severe trial in parting with my poor child——but he was cheerful, and full of the future. It is a great thing his being with Captain Harris, who will be like a father to him."

Marston winced a little.

"Will he remain long at sea?"

"Ah, perhaps three long years!"

Marston breathed a little easier.

"Three years may appear long or short, according to different circumstances. Three years seem a long space of time to you to be separated from your son; the same length of time would be but as a day to me, if hope

were, at the end of that space, to give me courage and life."

"We all hope, Mr. Marston; it is the principle of life. There is a Persian proverb, which has been translated to me in French; and which, I think, prettily expresses the sentiment of Hope:—

'Espoir est la fin de desespoir.
Apres la nuit la plus noire,
Arrive l'aurore d'autant plus brillante.'"

"I think," said Marston, reproachfully, "this is the first time in our lives that you have called me, Mr. Marston. Am I become a stranger to you, Louisa? Have I offended you? Oh, if you knew how far I am from intending it,—how much I fear it,—you would not look so severely on me."

"We are too old friends, for it to be possible that we should be angry with one another," said Mrs. Howard, smiling, (though she felt

something like what they must feel, who rush on the forlorn hope;) "and the holy character you bear, would not allow me to dare to be angry with you, were it otherwise. I assure you, I feel too much reverence towards you, to be influenced by any sentiment of anger."

Marston felt as though a dagger had entered his soul. One word had overthrown his whole fabric of hope. How venture to talk of his love or his plans, while she was in such a mood! He threw himself on a chair, and took the book, which she had been reading, from her hand, to cover his confusion.

"What are you reading?" he said; "'Le Lepreux de la cité d'Aoste,' (Le Maistre.) It is a very melancholy subject you have selected for your lecture."

"It is so, but it suits my present temper of mind."

"Do you then interest yourself in the sor-

rows of the unhappy, solitary Lepreux? How beautifully, how truly, has the author described all the sufferings the human heart endures in solitude! Did you remark the passage relating to the sleepless nights the Lepreux passes? Le Maistre must have undergone those sufferings to have described them so perfectly. I have read that little book so often, that I could repeat nearly every line. I love the author for having written so many of my thoughts and feelings; oftentimes he has soothed my aching heart. Tell me; if there existed a lonely, unhappy man, as miserable in his solitude as the leper of Le Maistre, with only one affliction less than his, would you shun that unhappy man, when your presence, your kindness, your compassion, your intercourse with him, would soothe his sorrows, cheer his heart, and give new life to his desolate existence; when a kind look would spread a glow of happiness over his

whole frame; when a hand extended to raise the supplicant, whose only wish, only hope, only happiness, depended on that hand, would restore him to peace, would you refuse it to him? Could you precipitate him into the abyss of anguish and despondence, which one word of yours would have power to do? Oh no! your nature is too gentle, too lovely; you could not refuse a heaven on earth, to one so chased, so tried, so long unhappy. Do not turn your looks aside; do not motion a negative with your hand; listen to me, Louisa; one word of yours destines me to madness, to death, or to life and blessedness! Nay, listen to me, I implore you. From childhood until now we have been friends; you have been more to me, ten thousand times more. From the brink of despair you brought me back to reason; you solaced me; would you drive me back again

to the state of wretchedness, from which you raised me? Oh! let me hope that our existences may be linked together. Louisa, my own Louisa, shall I call you so?"

Mrs. Howard was distressed beyond measure. A burning flush was diffused over her fair countenance. A feeling of anger against Marston was mixed with pity for him. She did not wish to give him pain, and endeavoured to frame her answer mildly.

"You quite forget your position, my poor friend; you overlook the insurmountable barrier, which exists between us."

"No, no, I do not forget it, if that is the only one; if there is no other obstacle to the realization of wishes, prompted by the truest, the most ardent love, I may hope to attain the summit of all earthly happiness. I will go to Rome; I will get absolved from vows which I

was mad to pronounce; which have caused all the struggle and suffering of my soul, and from which I can, thank heaven, be released."

Mrs. Howard shook her head and again motioned a negative.

"What does that mean?" he said impatiently; "speak; your silence now tortures me."

"It is unkind of you, Marston, to put me to such a trial as the present one; to oblige me to inflict pain on one already so unhappy. But since you urge me to reply, you force me to declare, that that which you propose is impossible—must be impossible. Renounce all thoughts of it, at least so far as I am concerned. Do you think I could enter into an engagement at the altar of God, with one perjured in his vows towards *him*? never. Do you think, with the friendship I bear you, which is most true, most sincere, do you think I could, by consenting to such perjury, link my fate to one

whom I should have caused to lose the joys of everlasting life? never. Do you think that an absolution granted by man, can dissolve engagements made with God? No, no, I do not believe it. I, as a protestant, should not make an engagement to take the veil, and become a nun; but if I made any other vow to Almighty God, no power on earth could annul that vow. By breaking it, I should condemn myself to eternal punishment. Believe me, dear Marston; banish from your breast a hope impossible to realize; let us be friends, but only friends."

Marston's agitation at this reply, which he had not once contemplated, was extreme. He was mortified, humbled, and even felt resentful; and remained some minutes silent, his eyes cast down, and a bitter smile quivering on his lips. At last he said,

"May I venture to inquire if an interest for

Captain Harris, of a warmer nature than that which you evidently bestow on me, has influenced you in this decision?"

Mrs. Howard felt offended, and replied with some severity, that the motives of her reply had been too explicitly avowed, for it to be necessary to seek them elsewhere than in themselves. Marston was too wretched to continue resentful, and he again pleaded:—

"You view my engagement," he said, "in a different light from that which I even did in making it. True it is, that the vow of celibacy is made towards God, but it is a vow ordained by the Church, and therefore under the authority of the Church to absolve; else, why is that power vested in the Holy See? It is cruel, oh, most cruel, infinitely more so than you can form any idea of, to be severer towards me than the Church would be. Suffer not yourself to be influenced by such opinions. Louisa!

have pity! do not condemn me to a life of despair!"

Mrs. Howard would have given the world for some interruption to relieve her, and break off the subject. The earnest, anxious look of Marston distressed her extremely. At last she said, "I am so little prepared to answer you, Marston,—give me time, I will write to you."

She rose as she said this from her chair, and moved towards the flight of steps which descended to the terrace; but he caught hold of her hand to detain her, saying,

"Do not write. I know that if you write, it is my doom you will pronounce. Wherefore write? If you have any particle of feeling for me, if your heart is not cold as marble, if the most perfect indifference for me does not dictate this reply, you cannot thus quit me, and destroy in one moment the hope which I have nourished, and which has prevented my sink-

ing in despair. Talk with Dr. Carlton; he knows all I have suffered for your sake. I did not dare let you know it: he has felt for me: let his friendship for us both be my mediator."

He spoke with hurry and agitation, while she endeavoured to withdraw her hand and retire. At last she said with some anger,

"Allow me to pass, Mr. Marston; this restraint is irksome to me. I have no need of the counsel of a friend, when my conviction of what is right prompts my actions or decisions. I have a more earnest desire for your welfare than you give me credit for; and I must add to my former answer, that independent of the motives which would make me decline an union with you, the difference of our religion alone is an insurmountable obstacle. We have lived a number of years as friends; let that friendship continue pure, warm, sincere, a solace to us both; but never again let us revert to the

conversation of this day; upon that condition only we may continue to see each other;" and she drew her hand from his, and descended into the park. He followed in silence as far as the lawn, and then darted off in the direction of the moor.

To turn from the principal to the subordinate actors in this, our too true narrative.

"Mr. Joseph," said Mrs. Betty, with the pert, decided tone of voice, which Abigails well know how to assume, when they intend to offend, "Mr. Joseph, you may tell your master to seek another nurse for Miss Eleanor; I'm none of the sort as stays with such as he."

"Such as he, Mrs. Betty, indeed! I'll not be the bearer of any such message; and you may e'en do your errand yourself, if you are so minded. But take a bit of advice by the way, and speak a little more civilly, or you may come by worse than you expect."

This colloquy occurred a few days after Marston's last interview with Mrs. Howard. Mrs. Betty had walked herself off in the morning to Mrs. Carlton's, to take advice as to what so respectable a young woman, as she considered herself, ought to do; and had acquired courage and insolence sufficient, by this visit, to form her determination, and to execute it in the manner above described. Joseph's refusal to be the bearer of her message, forced her to delay for that day any further measures, and for ten days following she found it equally impossible to effect her wishes.

Marston confined himself entirely to his room, and did not even ask to see his daughter. The poor child pined at the neglect she experienced, and her loneliness even touched the heart of Betty, who could not quit her at such a time after having had the care of her during five years. It was impossible not to feel

affection for the little girl, who was of a very endearing disposition. Joseph avoided Mrs. Betty as much as he did his master, from other causes; and she perceived that something was wrong in the house, though she knew not what. The old man appeared uneasy, and was constantly going to and fro, from the pantry to Marston's room. Sometimes he would remain listening a long while at the door of his master's chamber; then he would withdraw gently, with a little nod of satisfaction, as much as to say, "come, I think he's asleep." On the last morning, however, of these days, he hurried out as fast as his age would permit, and sent one of the labourers in the park to fetch Dr. Carlton; and as he went out, said to Mrs. Betty, "Keep Miss Eleanor out of master's sight, and watch yourself if anything happens while I am gone; I will be back directly."

Dr. Carlton arrived in three hours; he pro-

nounced Marston to be in a state of delirium, recommended darkness and quiet, and having bled him, desired that a woman might be sent for from the village, to nurse him and watch by him with Joseph.

Marston continued in a state of delirium for several days, Dr. Carlton attending him with the kindest care. The fever then subsided, but was followed by sullenness and silence. A great expression of melancholy was observable if he raised his eyes to any one speaking to him; but his answers were brief, and unsatisfactory, and the greatest dejection was visible in his whole manner. Dr. Carlton endeavoured in vain to rouse him. He encouraged him to take gentle exercise, and desired Joseph to accompany him in his walks. The old man did as much as his age would permit, but sometimes he was left far behind, as Marston

would suddenly stride on at a rate he could not follow.

It was on their return from one of these excursions, that Mrs. Betty and Eleanor met them, after the lapse of nearly a month without the latter having seen her father. She ran to him and burst into tears. Marston seemed affected, and stooping down, looked earnestly at her; and then embracing her, led her on with him towards the house. Mrs. Betty now thought the moment was propitious for her, and smoothing her apron, and mincing her words, she intimated her intention of seeking another *sitivation*. Marston stared at her; and as she told Mrs. Davenport, to whom she repaired instantly on quitting Marston Abbey, "he all of a sudden looked quite terrible like; I was frighted out of my wits; and, says he, 'what does the woman say?' just for all the world

like the player as came to Wetherby last year, and played the tragedy ; and, says I, ' woman indeed ! I sha'n't stay for to be called names, I can tell you ; ' and so I got up my things and came away ; and poor Miss Eleanor, she must be minded by the char-woman, as has been nursing master, for I would not stay, not for nothing ; he's enough to fright one to death."

It was at this period of our history that Mrs. Howard at length received a letter from Captain Harris, dated from the Land's-end, enclosing one from little Harry. The captain had, according to a promise he made, sent a boat on shore when he reached that point ; with a few lines, to state that they had prospered thus far on their voyage, after having been detained a month in the Downs by contrary winds. Little Harry's letter ended by begging his mamma to take care of his little

birds in the aviary, and to kiss sister Eleanor for him.

It was one of December's gloomiest days on which Mrs. Howard received this letter. A thick yellow fog, and mist, enveloped all exterior objects; and a cold, raw air combined with the fog to render every thing comfortless and melancholy. The last leaves of autumn fell fast under the destructive power of the season, and strewed the park of Netherwood with their withered remains. No song of birds enlivened the air; no whistling of labourers announced that industry, and activity, rendered them insensible to the oppressive influence of the season.

All was cheerless; and Mrs. Howard's heart sunk within her, at the correspondence of the day and season with her own feelings. How different they were, little more than one year

before! Then she had her dear boy with her; little Eleanor also; and she had a friend, in whom she could confide almost as mistrustingly as in a female companion. Then her days succeeded each other, without any event of sad import to mark their date, or remind her that existence was a state of trial and suffering.

Her life might have been compared to a smooth rivulet, gliding gently along through flowery meadows; neither troubled by the rushing of waterfalls, nor the obstacles which rocky soils present. Time insensibly advanced in its march; and although those accustomed to the excitement of an active life, filled with events, would have considered so peaceful an existence as monotonous, and void of incident, she was in the happiest state the doom of life allows of: and she had the good sense to know and appreciate it.

Now how differently she was situated! Her

son, the idol of her existence, almost torn from her, and already on the ocean, to be exposed to all its dangers, and to be removed from her to the other end of the globe: she no longer near him, to watch over him in illness, to comfort him in his early sorrow, to enjoy his youthful gaiety. Little Eleanor was withdrawn from her, and she had become attached to her as to a daughter; and the friend of her childhood, and maturer years, was one she must no longer see, though she knew him to be unhappy, and this through her! Her reputation injured by malevolence! Alone,—no one to whom she could communicate her feelings!

Netherwood was suddenly become a prison to her. She turned her thoughts towards Ireland—towards the home of her family. Her mother still existed; she was aged, morose, and severe; still she was her mother; and with her she would not be so lonely as she now found her-

self. Her sad thoughts oppressed her; and with restless agitation she took the letter she had just received with her, and, notwithstanding the weather, proceeded to the green-house. This green-house was her favourite resort, and had by degrees become the daily object of her walks. Here she was certain to meet with no interruption. It was removed from every path, or communication, with the village; and neither servants nor peasants had occasion to pass by, or intrude on her solitude or reveries. There was a small door at the back of the building, which opened on the extensive moor; but it was only used by the gardener for the purpose of throwing out weeds and rubbish; and he generally kept the key of this entry into the grounds.

In the winter season Marston Moor presented a barren and gloomy aspect, more so even than waste lands in general disclose,

owing to a large portion of it having been dug into gravel-pits; which thus displayed a series of large barren excavations. Here and there were spaces covered only by the brown turf, cut up by the peasants to make peat for their fires. In other parts, the eye was a little relieved by patches of broom and heather; but these were now cheerless, and added melancholy to the scene, from the withered hue with which approaching winter had clothed them. The largest of these excavations, being a stone quarry, lay not far from the road which led from the village of Netherwood to the abbey.

The moor had acquired, by these stone and gravel-pits, a fearful reputation. They were said to be places of concealment for robbers; and the peasantry avoided crossing near them after sun-set; various tales of murder and horror being told by the villagers, as having occurred there, when assembled on wintry-

nights round their turf fires,—whilst the snow would fall thick upon their thatched-roof cottages, and the wind howl dismally, shaking their feebly-constructed casements.

Even old Joseph, who had lived at the abbey five-and-thirty years, without hearing of any actual robbery or murder happening in those parts, had adopted the prejudices of the country on the subject; and would take a long circuitous route home, when returning from Netherwood, rather than pass that awful spot.

It was from the same principle that the gardener at Netherwood carefully kept the door of the green-house, which opened on the moor, locked, bolted, and barred; but at the moment Mrs. Howard entered there he was engaged in flinging out rubbish, and it was consequently open.

Little Harry's aviary was situated in this

green-house; he had been very fond of it; since his departure the care of it had devolved on the gardener, until Mrs. Howard's return home, when she constantly attended to it herself, for her little boy's sake. The recommendation, contained in his letter, induced her to return to see if all was well with the little feathered inmates; and she remained there a long while, dwelling on recollections now mingled with pain; remembering various moments of great interest, as connected with her son's birth, and her husband's subsequent death,—and her heart found relief in the tears which she shed. A parent's love for a child is so pure, so warm, so disinterested, and yet so feebly requited. The affection of a child for a parent, in its strongest degree, does not amount to a hundredth part of that which a parent feels for a child; and it is not until the child becomes a parent that he is aware of this.

"There is a philosophical reasoning, which accounts for this; and I will explain it entirely to your satisfaction," said the learned Dr. Murphy to Mrs. Murphy, who sat by her fireside, repining at the indifference of her son to her. "The nature of man, from his infancy to his manhood, and thence to his decrepitude, is to lean towards those who are needful to him, in the same manner as he would lean on the staff which supports his steps. Thus, in infancy our children feel their helplessness, and cling to us for support and assistance; and to that feebleness are joined their affection and attachment. But when they have acquired the force and power, both morally and physically, which enables them no longer to require our aid, but rather to bestow it on others, then the affections take a lighter shade of colouring, and gradually diminish in intensity as the age advances; thereby preparing the heart,

by degrees, for that separation which the law of nature imposes finally upon us all. It is very rarely that you can witness the same warmth of attachment existing between children and their parents, at a very advanced stage of life, as at an earlier period of their existence. It is when the sentiment of strong affection commences to diminish towards our progenitors, that it is conveyed full of hope to the rising generation; at the very epoch that the ambitious propensities of man discover themselves. Then he attaches himself to rising powers, and leans towards them for another kind of support. Then it is that he courts the sons of kings and great men; for remark, Mrs. Murphy, it is rather those, than the kings and great men themselves, who are surrounded by the large mass of courtiers. It should seem natural rather to adulate and court those in power, than those in expectancy

of power; but, no—the same principle unconsciously guides them. The rising sun throws out warmer rays than the setting; and the rising sun, in expectancy of power, is in the position of the young man, just in the ascendant, shaking off his younger feelings, and becoming protector instead of protected."

"And is it that you'll be proving me, doctor," said the impatient Mrs. Murphy; "and you'll be convincing me, that my son is an ascendant, as you call him, whereas all the world will be proving you that he is my descendant. It's just all blarney! and I'll not be reasoned out of common sense. I am his mother, and made him; and he shall obey, love, and honour me."

"As for love, honour, and obey, I have been just explaining to you, Mrs. Murphy, that your son is coming of an age when you cannot expect the same degree of those sen-

timents as when he was younger. And as to your having made him, that is a clear mistake! And if you listened with more suitable attention to my discourses, on various matters, you would not make phrases which are altogether nonsense, but would improve your mind and conversation."

Dr. Murphy had many more excellent things still in store to urge, as consolation to Mrs. Murphy; but we must return to our history.

The day passed cheerlessly at Netherwood. The servants, who were all attached to their mistress, were aware of her melancholy, and felt for her; the gloom which hung around her pervaded the whole house; the domestics were dismal themselves. The dull darkness, and damp cold of the atmosphere, made them shudder, as they went about on their several duties.

The day-light began to decline, and then the

house assumed rather a more cheerful aspect, from the bright blaze of the fires in the several apartments; but even this had a comfortless appearance, as lights were not brought into the rooms Mrs. Howard inhabited, since she had not returned home. The shutters were not closed, as the servants did not know whether she would enter the house by the drawing-room window, or the hall door.

By degrees, the flames from the fires subsided, sending up only at intervals a flickering faint light; while the mizzling shower, which had fallen latterly, now beat against the windows in torrents of heavy rain.

The servants ran out, in various directions, with umbrellas to meet their mistress. The gardener stated, that he had seen her enter the green-house at an early hour of the day, but that, on his returning to lock the door two hours after, she was no longer there. They

sought for her in all the various walks of the shrubbery and park, and even went as far as the village; but their search was all in vain, and they returned, after some time, with the perplexing news that no trace could be found of her.

The night was by this time far advanced, and was extremely dark. Those who were seeking could no longer distinguish each other, and shouted loud, and called, in the hopes of a returning answer,—but none greeted their anxious ears.

Mrs. Davenport suggested the possibility of her being gone to Marston Abbey; and she dispatched them again in that direction with torches.

The storm augmented, until it became furious; the torches could not resist the violent wind and rain, and were extinguished one by one. The blast howled, as if terrified at its

own force;—lightnings flashed, and heavy thunder continued with incessant roll.

Several of the servants, intimidated, returned home. One, who had intended to explore the moor, got as far as the greenhouse, and then took shelter there without daring to quit it. Only one of them (the gardener) proceeded as far as the abbey, taking the circuitous route already mentioned; but the combined noise of thunder, hail, and wind, drowned his voice, and rendered all his knocking at the portal unavailing; and he returned drenched with rain, and dispirited at his failure. The tempest lasted all night. In the morning, as soon as daylight appeared, a fresh search was instituted.

The havoc that the storm had made was immense. Enormous oaks had been torn up by the roots. Smooth walks were now deep ravines; the lawns appeared lakes; branches

strewed the ground, and all wore a look of desolation. The same gloomy darkness prevailed as on the preceding day: all nature seemed in mourning. The servants returned with fresh disappointment in their looks. They had been to the abbey, but had knocked in vain; the doors and windows were closed, and there was no possibility of gaining admittance or information. They went round the vast building in hopes of finding some door unclosed, but every thing was fast. They went under the windows of the room occupied by little Eleanor, and called; no sound was returned. The buttery and pantry were on the ground floor, near Marston's apartments; and had a small door leading into the large court, in the interior of the great façade before described; and they succeeded in scaling the wall, and so reached the window of the pantry, by which they hoped to enter, and thus pass into the interior of the

building. By continued efforts they at length succeeded in forcing the window open, and entering the house; but all was silence and solitude. In little Eleanor's room, some toys were on the floor, but no other signs of its being inhabited were visible. In Marston's room, there were quantities of papers torn and strewed about. The bed had not been disturbed since it had been last made. In Joseph's room there appeared to be more confusion; every thing had been deranged. The closets open and empty; the sheets and coverings of the bed had been removed. In the chapel, where lights always burned over Mrs. Marston's tomb, all was darkness. The lamp had not been replenished. But nothing further could be learned; there was no one in the abbey.

Towards evening, one of the servants entered Mrs. Davenport's room, pale, and breathless. His eyes seemed starting out of his head with

terror; and he could only point towards the window, in the direction of the green-house. It was some time before he could succeed in articulating broken sounds.

"Go——the moor——the stone pit——my poor mistress——good God——too late——dead——dead——murdered!!"

"Dead! Murdered!" shrieked the old housekeeper; and her cries brought the other servants into the room. But silence succeeded to the first scream of terror; and they looked with horror in their countenances towards the spot indicated by the footman. Several then rushed out, and in the course of two hours returned, bearing the inanimate body of their beloved mistress.

As they passed through the hall carrying her on branches, which they had laid together in haste as a sort of litter, the rustling noise of their feet on the marble floor produced a melan-

choly and sepulchral sound; and the domestics wept in silence, while an awful terror oppressed them. They laid her on the couch in the drawing-room, on which Marston had reclined but a short time before. Now, the canvass on which she was represented, and which he had contemplated with such rapture, was more animated than she, once so lovely!

She seemed to have suffered some violence previous to her murder, and to have made considerable resistance; for her clothes were torn, and her hat thrown back and broken under her. On raising her hair, which was drenched with rain, and fell over her face and neck clotted with blood, there were marks of a gun or pistol-shot on the back part of the head. A ball had entered there, and passed across in an oblique direction.

This circumstance was dwelt upon by the coroner's inquest, which was held upon the

body. They observed, and so did the surgeon who attended, (for Dr. Carlton was too afflicted at the loss of his friend, to be able to assist at so distressing an examination,) that had a pistol been presented to her head with a view of threatening or killing her, it would probably have been directed nearer the temple or forehead. The right arm, which was extended and stiff, was much bruised; the hand especially was greatly injured, the flesh being torn off as though she had seized the pistol or gun which had destroyed her, and struggled violently with her murderer.

The coroner brought in a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.

END OF VOL. I.

NOTES.

(a) Walter Scott, in his notes to the poem of Rokeby, gives the following interesting accounts of the battle of Marston-moor.

"The well known and desperate battle of Long-Marston-moor, which terminated so unfortunately for the cause of Charles, commenced under very different auspices. Prince Rupert had marched with an army of 20, 000 men for the relief of York, then besieged by Sir Thomas Fairfax, at the head of the parliamentary army, and the Earl of Leven, with the Scottish auxiliary forces. In this he so completely succeeded, that he compelled the besiegers to retreat to Marston-moor, a large, open plain about eight miles distant from the city. Thither they were followed by the prince, who had now united to his army the garrison of York, probably not less than ten thousand men strong, under the gallant Marquis (then Earl) of Newcastle. Whitelocke has recorded with much impartiality the following particulars of this eventful day: 'The right wing of the parliament was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, and consisted of all his horse, and three regiments of the Scots

horse. The left wing was commanded by the Earl of Manchester, and Colonel Cromwell. One body of their foot was commanded by Lord Fairfax, and consisted of his foot and two brigades of the Scots foot for a reserve; and the main body of the rest of the foot was commanded by General Leven.

"'The right wing of the prince's army was commanded by the Earl of Newcastle; the left wing by the prince himself; and the main body by General Goring, Sir Charles Lucas, and Major General Porter. Thus were both sides drawn up into batalia, July 3rd, 1644. In this posture both armies faced each other, and about seven o'clock in the morning the fight began between them. The prince with his left wing fell on the parliament's right wing, routed them, and pursued them a great way. The like did Generals Goring, Lucas, and Porter, upon the parliament's main body. The three generals, giving all for lost, hasted out of the field, and many of their soldiers fled, and threw down their arms; the king's forces too eagerly following them, the victory, now almost achieved by them, was again snatched out of their hands: for Colonel Cromwell with the brave regiment of his countrymen, and Sir Thomas Fairfax, having rallied some of his horse, fell upon the prince's right wing, where the Earl of Newcastle was, and routed them, and the rest of their companions rallying, they fell all together upon the divided bodies of Rupert and Goring, and totally dispersed them, and obtained a compleat victory after three hours' fight.

"'From this battle and the pursuit, some reckon were buried 7000 Englishmen; all agree that above 3000 of the prince's

men were slain in the battle, besides those in the chace, and 3000 prisoners taken, many of their chief officers, 25 pieces of ordnance, 47 colours, 10,000 arms, two waggons of carabins and pistols, 130 barrels of powder, and all their bag and baggage.' "—Whitelocke's Memoirs, Lond. 1682, fol. p. 89.

"Lord Clarendon informs us that the king, previous to receiving the real account of the battle, had been informed, by an express from Oxford, 'that Prince Rupert had not only relieved York, but totally defeated the Scots, with many particulars to confirm it, all which was so much believed there, that they had made public fires of joy for the victory.'

"Monckton and Mitton told the news,
How troops of Roundheads choked the Ouse,
And many a bonny Scot aghast,
Spurring his palfrey northward pass'd,
Cursing the day when zeal, or meed,
First lured their Lesley o'er the Tweed."

P. 20, Note to Canto 1st. Rokeby.

"Monckton and Mitton are villages near the river Ouse, and not very distant from the field of battle. The particulars of the action were violently disputed at the time; but the following extract, from the manuscript history of the Baronial House of Somerville, is decisive as to the flight of the Scottish general, the earl of Leven. The particulars are given by the author of the history, on the authority of his father, then the representative of the family. This curious manuscript

has been published by the consent of my noble friend, the present Lord Somerville:—

"'The order of this great battell, wherin both armies was so neer of ane equall number, consisting, to the best calculatione, near to three score thousand men upon both sydes, I shall not take upon me to discryve; albeit, from the draughts then taken upon the place, and information I received from this gentleman, who being then a volunteer, as having no command, had opportunitie and libertie to ryde from one wing of the armie to the other, to view all ther severall squadrons of horse, and battallions of foot how formed, and in what manner drawn up, with every other circumstance relateing to the fight,—and that both as to the King's armies and that of the Parliament's; amongst whom, until the engadgment, he went from statione to statione to observe ther order and forme; but the descriptione of this battell, with the various success on both sides at the beginning, with the losse of the royal armie, and the sad effects that followed that misfortune as to his Majestie's interest, has been done so often already by English authors, little to our commendatione, how justly I shall not dispute, seing the truth is, as our principall generall fled that night neer fourtie mylles from the place of the fight, that part of the armie where he commanded being totallie routed: but it is as true, that much of the victorie is attributed to the good conduct of *David Lesselie*, lievetennent-general of our horse. Cromwell himself, that minione of fortune, but the rod of God's wrath, to punish afterward three rebellious nations, disdained not to take orders from him, albeit then in the same

qualitie of command for the parliament, as being lievetennent generall to the Earl of Manchester's horse, whom, with the assistance of the Scots horse, haveing routed the Prince's right wing, as he had done that of the Parliament's.

" 'These two commanders of the horse upon that wing, wisely restrained the great bodies of thir horse from persuing these brocken troups, but, wheelling to the left-hand, falls in upon the naked flanks of the prince's main battallion of foot, carying them doune with great violence; nether mett they with any great resistance untill they came to the Marques of Newcastle his battallione of white coats, who, first peppering them soundly with ther shott, when they came to the charge, stoutly boor them up with their picks that they could not enter to break them. Here the parliament's horse of that wing receaved their greatest losse, and a stop for sometyme putt to their hoped-for victorie, and that only by the stout resistance of this gallant battallione, which consisted neer of four thousand foot, untill at length a Scot's regiment of dragouns, commanded by Collonell Frizeall, with other two, was brought to open them upon some hand, which at length they did, when all their ammunitione was spent. Having refused quarters, every man fell in the same order and ranke wherein he had foughten.

" 'Be this execution was done, the prince returned from the persuite of the right wing of the parliament's horse, which he had beatten and followed too farre, to the losse of the battell, which certanely, in all men's opinions, he might have caryed, if he had not been too violent upon the persuite;

which gave his enemies upon the left-hand opportunitie to disperse and cut doune his infanterie, who, haveing cleared the field of all the standing bodies of foot, wer now, with many——— of ther oune, standing ready to receave the charge of his allmost spent horses, if he should attempt it, which the prince observeing, and seeing all lost, he retreated to Yorke with two thousand horse. Notwithstanding of this, ther was that night such a consternatione in the parliament' armies, that it's believed by most of those that wer there present, that if the prince, haveing so great a body of horse inteire, had made ane on fall that night, or the ensueing morning be tyme, he had carryed the victorie out of their hands; for it's certane, by the morning's light, he had rallyed a body of ten thousand men, whereof there was neer three thousand gallant horse. These, with the assistance of the toune and garrisone of Yorke, might have done much to have recovered the victory, for the losse of this battell in effect lost the king and his interest in the three kingdomes, his majestie never being able eftir this to make head in the north, but lost his garrisons every day.

" 'As for Generall Lesselie, in the beginning of this flight haveing that part of the armie quite brocken, where he had placed himself, by the valour of the prince, he imagined, and was confermed by the opinione of others then upon the place with him, that the battell was irrecoverably lost, seeing they were fleeing upon all hands; theirefore they humblie intreated his excellence to reteir and wait his better fortune; which, without farder advyseing, he did; and never drew bridle untill

he came the lenth of Leads, having ridden all that night with a cloak of *drap de berrie* about him, belonging to this gentleman of whom I write, then in his retinue, with many other officers of good qualitie. It was neer twelve the next day before they had the certanety who was master of the field, when at length there arryves ane express, sent by David Lesselie, to acquaint the general they had obtained a most glorious victorie, and that the prince, with his brocken troups, was fled from Yorke. This intelligence was somewhat amazeing to these gentlemen that had been eye witnesses to the disorder of the armie before ther retearing, and had then accompanyed the general in his flight, who being much wearyed that evening of the battell with ordering his armie, and now quite spent with his long journey in the night, had casten himselfe doune upon a bed to reste, when this gentleman coming quyetly into his chamber, he awoke, and hastily cries out,—'Lievetennent-collonell, what news?'—'All is safe, may it please your excellence; the parliament's armie has obtained a great victory;' and then delyvers the letter. The generall, upon the hearing of this, knocked upon his breast, and sayes, 'I would to God I had dyed upon the place;' and then opens the letter, which in a few lines gave him ane account of the victory, and in the close pressed his speedy returne to the armie, which he did the next day, being accompanyed some mylles back by this gentleman, who then takes his leave of him, and receaved at parting many expressions of kyndenesse, with promises that he would never be unmyndful of his care and respect towards him; and in the end he intreats him to

present his service to all his friends and acquaintances in Scotland. Thereftir the generall sets forward in his journey for the armie, as this gentleman did for ————, in order to his transportatione for Scotland, where he arryved sex days after the fight of Mestoune Muir, and gave the first true account and descriptione of that great battell, wherein the Covenanters then gloryed soe much, that they impiously boasted the Lord had now signally appeared for his cause, and people, it being ordinary for them, dureing the wholl time of this warre, to attribute the greatnes of their success to the goodnes and justice of ther cause, until Divine justice trysted them with some cross dispensatione, and then you might have heard this language from them,—'That it pleases the Lord to give his oune the heavyest end of the tree to bear, that the saints, and the people of God, must still be sufferers while they are here away, that that malignant party was God's rod to punish them for their unthankfulnesse, which in the end he will cast into the fire;' with a thousand other expressions and Scripture citations, prophanely and blasphemously uttered by them to palliate their villainie and rebellion.'

"'M.S. History of the Somerville Family, Edin. 1815.'

"With his barb'd horse, fresh tidings say,
Stout Cromwell hath redeem'd the day."

Rokeby, canto 1, p. 20.

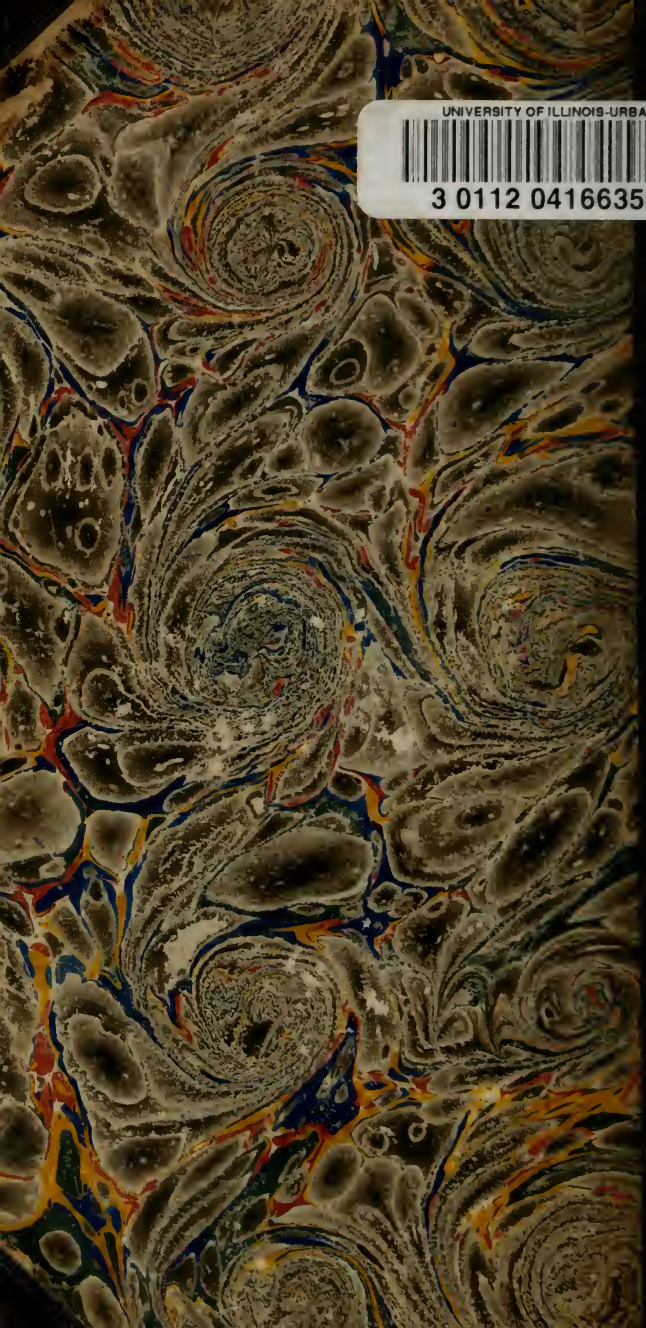
"Cromwell, with his regiment of cuirassiers, had a principal

share in turning the fate of the day at Marston Moor, which was equally matter of triumph to the Independents, and of grief and heart-burning to the Presbyterians and to the Scottish. Principal Baillie expresses his dissatisfaction as follows:

"'The Independents sent up one quickly to assure that all the glory of that night was theirs; that they and their major-generall Cromwell had done it all there alone; but Captain Stuart afterwards shewed the vanity and falsehood of their disgraceful relation.—'God gave us that victory wonderfully. There were three generals on each side—Lesley, Fairfax, and Manchester; Rupert, Newcastle, and King. Within half an hour, and less, all six took them to their heels; this to you alone. The disadvantage of the ground, and violence of the flower of Prince Rupert's horse, carried all our right wing down; only Eglington kept ground, to his great loss: his lieutenant-crowner, a brave man, I fear shall die, and his son Robert be mutilated of an arm. Lindsay had the greatest hazard of any; but the beginning of the victory was from David Lesley, who before was much suspected of evil designs; he, with the Scots and Cromwell's horse, having the advantage of the ground, did dissipate all before them.'"—Baillie's Letters and Journals, Edin. 1785. 8vo. ii. 36.

(b) It is an observation, which has been made many times, that nothing brings a little child to one's recollection in a more affecting manner than the sight of its little shoes. Victor Hugo has represented this fact with much eloquence and interest in his novel, entitled "Notre Dame, de Paris."

Printed by Mayhew, Isaac & Co., 14, Henrietta-st., Covent-garden, London.


UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 041663581